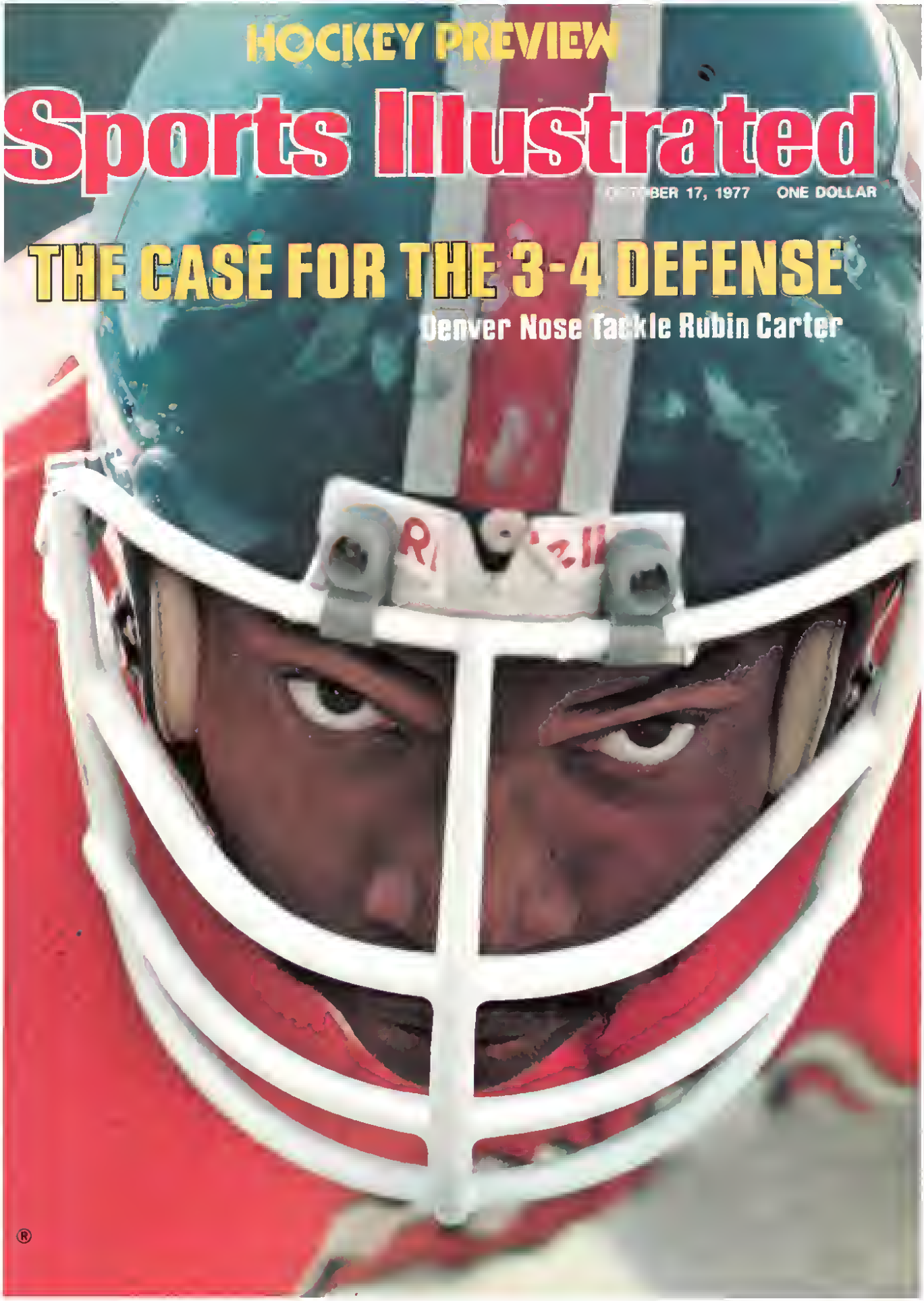
HOCKEY PREVIEW

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 17, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE CASE FOR THE 3-4 DEFENSE

Denver Nose Tackle Rubin Carter



Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

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	tar mg / cig	nicotine mg / cig
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Brand D Menthol	11	0 8
Brand V Menthol	11	0 7
Brand V	10	0 7
Brand M Menthol	8	0 5
Brand M	8	0 5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol less than	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box less than	***1**	***0.1**

*Av per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box.
1 mg. tar, 0 1 mg nicotine av per cigarette by FTC method



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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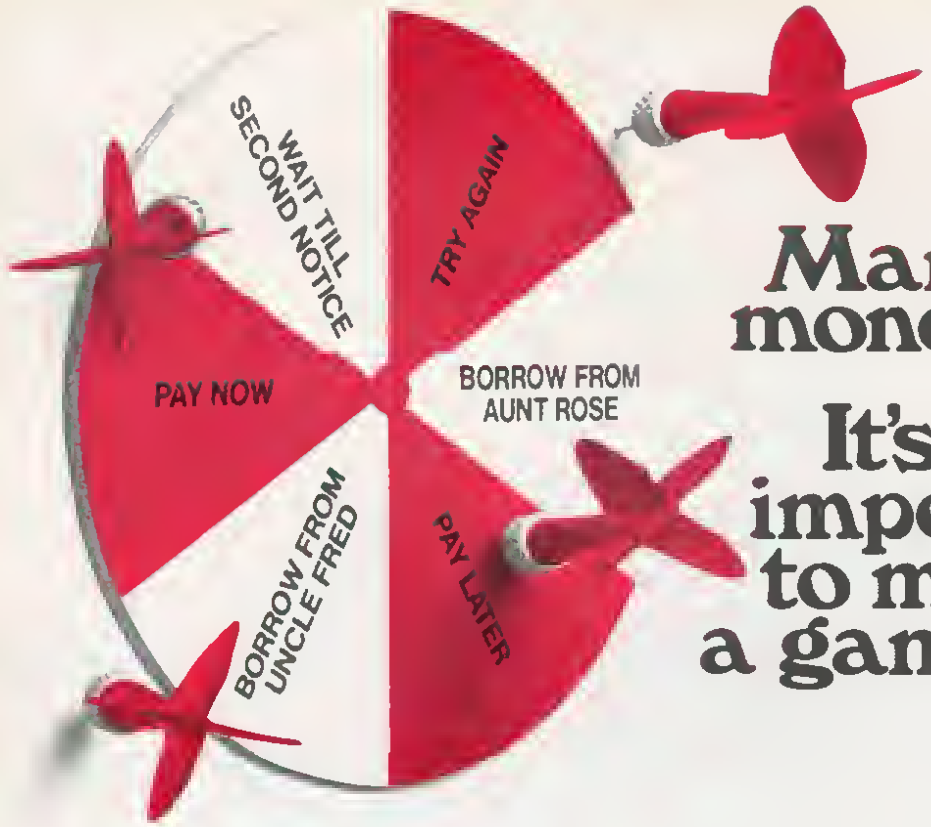
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CONTENTS

OCTOBER 17, 1977 *Volume 47, No. 16*

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

The Baseball Playoffs 18

Amid flubs and fights, the Dodgers won the National League flag and the Yankees took the American League title **by Ron Fimrite and Larry Keith**

Down and Out in Dallas 24

Texas lost two quarterbacks to injury but the Sooners, not the Longhorns, lost the game in the Cotton Bowl **by Douglas S. Looney**

Hello, Fearsome Threesome 26

Oakland won the Super Bowl with it and two of the NFL's four undefeated teams rely on it. What is it? The 3–4 defense **by Joe Marshall**

Hockey 1977-78 36

In a far-ranging interview with Jerry Kirshenbaum, new NHL President John Ziegler and players' chief Alan Eagleson see better days ahead

According to Peter Gammons' scouting reports, Montreal once more will dominate the NHL and Quebec will take it all again in the WHA

You Ain't It Until You Prove It 50

Stock-car driver Darrell Waltrip has never been shy about saying how good he is, and now he can back it up **by Sam Moses**

The Ultimate Confrontation 98

The urge to get in the ring with a real fighter has led writers like Byron, Hemingway and this one to take that rash step **by George Plimpton**

The Departments

Scorecard	11	Tennis	74	For the Record	117
Movies	60	Fishing	81	19th Hole	118
College Football	65	Pro Football	91	*Credits on page 117*	

Next Week

AN OLD BATTLE IS REJOINED as the Yankees and Dodgers, who used to meet in the World Series almost annually, face each other for the first time in 14 years. Ron Fimrite reports as Los Angeles tries to make New York swallow the big apple.

A STRANGE JOINT is the knee and often a nasty one, especially in sports, where knee injuries have shortened or destroyed many careers. A report by William Oscar Johnson on what doctors have learned and are doing about this complex hinge

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VIEWPOINT

by TOM HORTON

FANS IN HAWAII HIDE FROM THE BIG MOUTH WHO KNOWS WHAT THE SCORE IS

The scene is a typical neighborhood bar on a Monday night at this time of year. The NFL game is about to start. That's when a stranger wanders in, glances at the television set—and announces to all the patrons exactly how the game will turn out. Such a man could be called a clairvoyant. Now move the same scene to Hawaii. Such a man could be called a bum and thrown out on his ear.

The torment of Hawaii's Monday night fan merits special sympathy. He spends his Monday afternoons in a state of nervous suspense, anticipating a game at the same time that he is avoiding it, just so he can spend an evening watching it on television without already knowing the outcome. If Monday Night Football were telecast live in Hawaii it would be Monday Afternoon Football, which wouldn't do at all in terms of ratings and revenue. Similarly, World Series games played after dark in the eastern U.S. would appear in Honolulu shortly after lunch. Therefore, Hawaii's network affiliates tape and hold the evening games for almost four hours so they won't start on local TV until 6 p.m. So far, so good. The stinger is that radio stations carry the same games live. As a result, the addicted TV fan tries to seal himself into a vacuum of suspended animation. He devises elaborate schemes against leaks so that he can happily watch the delayed game as he would a live telecast.

In such a situation, sadism runs rampant. The viewer who makes it to quitting time without hearing the score, then dashes from office to home, can be demolished by the non-fan who casually remarks, "I hear the Cowboys win tonight." Neglected wives wreak their own kind of vengeance. There are sad stories of husbands who come home on Mondays eager to embrace the TV, only to find a message taped to the screen: Steelers 28, Dolphins 24.

Take a typical example. KHON-TV executive Raymond Sweeney was in the office sweating out the World Series, anxious to hurry home to watch the delayed telecast. He went to the men's room. And there, scribbled at eye level on the mirror, "A's won today." University of Hawaii administrator Gardiner Jones was watching an NFL thriller from Minnesota when the phone rang and a voice shouted, "The Vikings did it again!" Gardiner's father-in-law in Minneapolis had just returned home after attending the game, and couldn't resist the long-distance call.

Harry Lyons, a cartoonist for the *Honolulu Advertiser*, a man deadly serious about sports, is legendary for his defenses against

the premature spilling of scores. During World Series week Lyons plugged his ears with wet toilet paper so he wouldn't accidentally overhear someone shout, "Bench just tied it with another homer!"

There is a gentleman's rule in Honolulu bars, observed under threat of broken jaws, that one never reveals final scores during delayed telecasts. But Lyons made the mistake during the suspenseful sixth game of the 1975 World Series, of remarking to a stranger, "It's sure tough to avoid hearing who won when you work at a newspaper." The stranger was sympathetic. "I know what you mean," he said. "Just as I was leaving my office some jerk yells, 'Hey, there's going to be a seventh game after all!'" Lyons threw up his hands and spent the rest of the game downing martinis.

If this report fills you with a sinister thought, forget it. Islanders are too satellite-wise now to take sucker bets on Monday Night Football, although some fast bucks were made by Mainland hustlers during the early days of delayed play in Hawaii.

Television's delaying tactic also has produced complications for sportscasters on news shows. The CBS station in Honolulu once stubbornly announced the final score while the Monday Night Football game in question was just starting on the rival ABC station. After fans protested, KGMB Sports Director Joe Moore began warning viewers, "We're about to give the score of tonight's game. If you don't want to know, turn down your sound. Ready?"

But that strategy had its hazards. An angry fan accused Moore of causing him bodily harm. The viewer said he was eating dinner when the warning came and he had dropped his knife and fork and tried to race from the dinner table across the room to turn down the TV sound—and in his panicked scramble had tumbled over a chair and broken his arm.

Compassionate sportscasters now have adopted a peek-a-boo approach. They grin mischievously while announcing, "Here comes the score of tonight's game. If you don't want to know, hide your eyes. Ready?" The score flashes on the screen as the sportscaster covers his own eyes on camera. Presumably this eliminates the risk of broken bones in Honolulu homes.

Still, there are several stories of blows being struck because someone stumbles into a Honolulu bar full of intense fans and bellows, "Aw, why watch? The Rams blow it, 21–20." Even in such a peaceful little town as Hilo, extreme measures are taken to avoid violence. Bob Herkes, proprietor of his own tavern, positions himself near the door and deliberately drives away business by telling Monday night customers, "If you know the score, we don't want you." END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H BOYLE

SERENDIPITY

Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel got a four-year sentence last week following his conviction on charges of mail fraud and racketeering: for the latter, read playing legislative footsie with state racetrack interests. This was pretty much how it had gone four years ago for the late Otto Kerner, ex-Governor of Illinois, convicted in 1973 of mail fraud and corruption—corruption meaning that he had pushed legislation favoring racetrack interests. Kerner got three years. In both instances, the presiding judge was Robert L. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tenn.

Judge Taylor's name turned up again last week, this time in connection with a girls' basketball case. His ruling that Tennessee high school girls were to be permitted to play full-court ball was overturned on appeal, plunging the girls' game in that state back into the 19th Century.

Robert Love (Little Bob) Taylor, who is 77, would have preferred not to preside at the Mandel trial, but "Justice Burger called me up and talked to me in person. I asked if he could get another judge, by any reasonable efforts," he says, but apparently Burger would or could not.

Over the years Judge Taylor has been a jurist of flinty scrupulousness, particularly in his handling of early civil rights cases, and he has cast a clear eye on an astounding array of disputes. In 1966 he ruled that nudist camps be permitted in Tennessee—"Get Judge Darr's dissenting opinion," he advises, "and read his description of nudity. It is absolutely unique." Early this year he decided that the FDA had to return 6,700 cases of apricot pits to a man in east Tennessee (though he points out firmly, "This is not a Laetrile case"). The man was just entitled to his apricots. However, Judge Taylor was on the side of Tennessee's Tellico Dam vs. the snail darter, and still says, with evident pain, "the thing had cost $116 million!"

Taylor as a young man played basketball, football and, until a few years ago, tennis. But baseball was, and is, his favorite. He was shortstop and a second baseman in the Florida State League, and played semi-pro ball in the Appalachian League while at Vanderbilt, which in fact is how he put himself through college. (While in the Appalachian League he was making more money than his father was as Governor of Tennessee.) "I still think baseball takes more intelligence than any other sport," he says, adding much about the "hulks" who play football, though he supposes he should not be quoted.

As for girls' basketball, he huffs at the overturning of his decision. "It's prehistoric," he says. "The girls today, they're as strong as boys, they should be allowed to play anything."

GOOD INTENTIONS

With the Olympics still three years away, Congress is already sounding like a bunch of maiden aunts seeing a nephew off with the yearbook money. Admittedly, the Russians are lurking around the corner—NBC admits the Soviets have suggested that the network carry programs reflecting favorably on the U.S.S.R.—but this far in advance, it is difficult to see how NBC can give a meaningful ironclad guarantee to Rep. Lou Frey (R, Fla.) when he warns, "We don't want a lot of propaganda coming in ... on how great the Soviet system is."

NBC, with $100 million on the line, can be expected to try to fend this off, and indeed it has signed contracts for decorous showings of the Bolshoi *Nutcracker* and *Giselle* ballets and the Moscow State Circus. Beyond that it would seem that the Superpowers—NBC and the Soviet Union—should just be expected to circle each other, the former with its control over all the cameras and the latter with its power to pull the plug. Anything else said this far in advance is like a promise to carry a clean handkerchief and not speak to strangers.

PLAY, BAND, PLAY!

The Severna Park (Md.) High School Falcons Marching Band is no ordinary marching band. The state high school champion, the band has performed at the Preakness, the Kentucky Derby and Jimmy Carter's inauguration. The Falcons are extra special because their bandmaster, Richard Powell, uses coaching techniques to get the most out of his 122 players.

A former cross-country and track coach, the 32-year-old Powell scouts and films the halftime programs of other bands and holds a training camp in Pennsylvania complete with bed checks. "I wasn't ready for my first camp," says Steve Schulz, a trombonist who is now president of the band. "I didn't know you had to jog." Besides running laps, band members have pregame meals together



(no fried foods) and get pep talks from Powell, who says, "You have to psych them up the same as football players for a game."

The Falcons don't go in for intricate routines. "We are a drum corps style marching band playing a concert sound," says Powell. "We are precision drilled in the style of the Marine Corps marching band."

In the last five years, the band has won so many parade and festival competitions that it has its own trophy case next to that of the football team. Recently the Falcons beat out 25 other schools to win the Miss America parade competition. "We have a reputation for being good,

continued

"When anything goes wrong for me... somebody is going to pay!"

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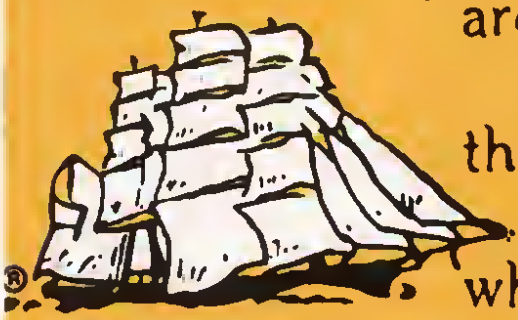
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Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money end prevent problems later on.

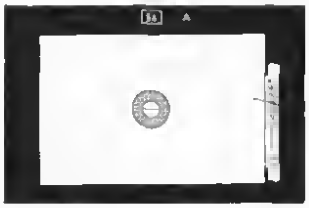
1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of feetures. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, seve yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

2. Is match-needle or electronic euto-exposure control best? Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurete, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T metch-needle cameras otfer a wide variety of features and prices.

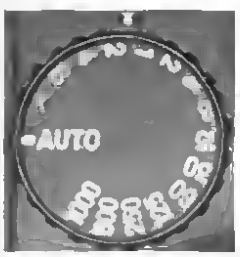
Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself tor correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder? First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.



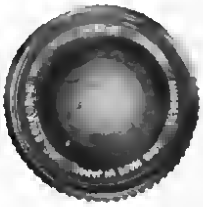
Then, exposure information The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

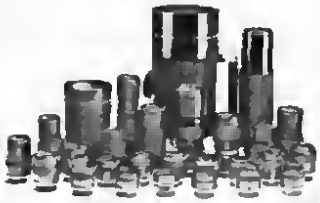
The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the tastest moving subjects.



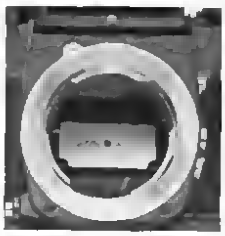
4. What range of shutter speeds do I need? Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th ot a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



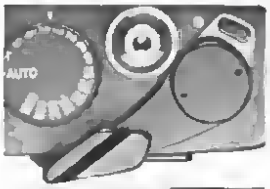


6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telepnoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.

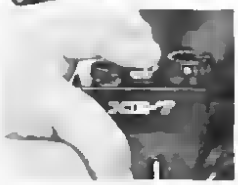


7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to reelign f/stops afterwards.

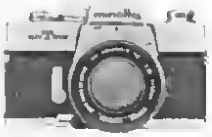
8. How should the camera feel? Solid. Comtortable Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls Advance the film wind lever. If it teels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.



10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.



11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.



And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446 In Canada Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

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and I have a reputation for being strict," says Powell. "Discipline is the big thing."

HANDLING HOWARD

Although he'd been away from Monday Night Football for the last three years, Don Meredith was still too quick for Howard Cosell. This exchange followed a tackle by Kansas City Linebacker Dave Rozumek from the University of New Hampshire.

Cosell: That kid came from nowhere.

Meredith: No, he didn't. He came from New Hampshire.

Cosell: Yeah, but he came from nowhere.

Meredith: No, he didn't. He came from the outside linebacker spot.

Cosell: I know, but I never thought that kid would still be around.

Meredith: Well, he never thought you'd still be here, either.

OARK FINGERS

As the Dodgers and Phillies prepared for Game 1 of the National League playoffs, San Diego Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers appeared at Dodger Stadium to accept the Fireman of the Year award, which goes to the major league pitcher with the most saves. After nine seasons at Oakland, in which he helped the A's win three World Series but never led the league in saves, Fingers finally got individual recognition while pitching for a fifth-place team. He topped all relievers in both leagues with 35 saves, three shy of John Hiller's major league record.

One reason why Fingers never led the American League in saves at Oakland is that he had a little help from his bullpen friends—Paul Lindblad, Darold Knowles and Jim Todd. This year, though, he had a friend in the dugout—Manager Alvin Dark. In an attempt to help Fingers get the record, Dark used him exclusively in save situations; in fact, Fingers only worked more than two full innings five times after June 27.

Such managerial collusion is far from unprecedented. In 1972, when Clay Carroll set the NL record of 37 saves, Sparky Anderson kept bringing him in in the final innings. And, as it happens, Fingers really needed Dark's help—the save rule has been changed since Carroll's record-setting year. In 1972 the only requirement for a save was for a pitcher to finish the game. Now a reliever has to face the tying run either on base, at bat or on deck, or protect a lead of no more than three runs for at least an inning.

Dark, of course, claimed he had a nobler motive. "I decided not to use Rollie for more than an inning or two," he said. "I want him strong and healthy two years from now when we become contenders."

Congratulations, Fingers. And to Alvin, lots of luck.

BAN THE TRAMP

The American Academy of Pediatrics has recommended that trampolines not be used in competitive sport and that they be banned from physical education programs in schools and colleges. Citing a survey of high school and college sports injuries for 1973-75, the academy found nine cases of permanent paralysis caused by spinal-cord injuries suffered on the trampoline and 25 cases of temporary paralysis. Dr. Harvey Kravitz, a Chicago pediatrician who drafted the academy report, surveyed schools in his area in 1975 and found five additional cases of permanent paralysis.

According to Dr. Kravitz, paralysis occurs after improperly executed back flips or somersaults when "the head is forced forward against the chest and the spinal cord is pulled or torn." He stresses that this type of injury occurs on the trampoline, not from falling off it, and no number of spotters can prevent it. "It's just plain logic to ban it," Dr. Kravitz says. "We've all but conquered paralytic polio in this country, and what's the point of immunizing against one crippler if we permit our children to risk paralysis as the result of trampoline accidents?"

David Fry, of the Illinois High School Association, says that the trampoline has been dropped as a boys' gymnastic event in the 1977-78 state tournament. "This doesn't mean we are telling schools to ban the trampoline," says Fry, "but certainly dropping it as a competitive event in the state does not encourage it."

FOR STARTERS

Ken Vick, the track announcer at Waterford Park in West Virginia, got to make a switch on a time-honored call at the races. Just as the horses were about to reach the starting gate, it malfunctioned and had to be towed away. After a long wait, another one finally arrived, and Vick intoned, "Ladies and gentlemen, the starting gate has reached the horses."

BILL COLLECTORS

On the basis of their performance to date, the Buffalo Bills are one of the worst teams in the NFL. And why should that be? Maybe because other teams have some of their best players. The Buffalo *Courier-Express* reports that 26 former Bills are playing with other teams, 15 of the alumni being starters. Among them are two quarterbacks, Scott Hunter at Atlanta and James Harris at San Diego, and five wide receivers, Ahmad Rashad, Minnesota; J. D. Hill, Detroit; Wallace Francis, Atlanta; Haven Moses, Denver, and Ray Jarvis, Detroit.

PANS FANS' PLANS

Columnist Mike Royko, of the *Chicago Daily News*, doesn't think much of the plans of FANS (Fight to Advance the Nation's Sports), Ralph Nader's new consumer group formed to combat cold hot dogs, warm beer, unpopular trades and high ticket prices. Royko writes, "Apparently Nader doesn't understand what the average sports fan *really* wants, and what upsets him if he doesn't get it. It isn't a gourmet hot dog or parking space or a cheap ticket. What he wants is victory.

"Fans don't riot because there isn't enough mustard on the hot dog. They don't pelt opposing players with garbage because they couldn't find a place to park. They don't toss bottles at officials and threaten to tear the joint apart because they think ticket prices are too high. But they have done all those things when their favorite team has lost.

"So if Nader wants to make sports consumers happy, he has to think of a way to play the games so that there will not be any losers."

BULL MARKET

Despite the recent scandal involving phony ratings of fighters in *The Ring* magazine and non-existing fights in the 1977 *Ring Record Book*, the so-called Bible of boxing, editor and publisher Nat Loubet reports that his business is "better than ever." According to Loubet, the *Record Book* has sold out about a month ahead of its usual selling period, and the national circulation of the magazine has jumped from 135,000 to 150,000. Loubet attributes the increases to the extensive coverage given to the scandal, and he says, "I can only say that I thank the publicity." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
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In the A.L. playoff's most controversial play, Hal McRae went by second



A SERIES FULL OF FLIP-FLOPS

While the Dodgers knocked over the Phillies in four to win the National League title, New York and Kansas



City seesawed in the A.L. playoffs, but the Yanks finally pulled it out

by LARRY KEITH

The sport was baseball when the New York Yankees defeated the Kansas City Royals in a five-game American League playoff last week, but more often the action on the field resembled a Jets and Sharks rumble. For once the Yankees took their fight out of the clubhouse and onto the diamond. They came from behind in the series and they came from behind in the final game, and when they had won 5–3, tears of agony and frustration flowed from the center-field fountains of Royals Stadium.

In Game 5 Kansas City scored all its runs in the first and third innings off Yankee starter Ron Guidry. He had beaten the Royals with a three-hitter in Game 2, and now he was pitching with only two days' rest, because he was the best that remained of an injury-riddled staff. But three runs would not be enough, and Kansas City scored nothing at all in 5⅓ innings against Mike Torrez, who had been the loser two nights before, and in 1⅓ against the nearly indefatigable Sparky Lyle, who got his second straight win while appearing in his third straight game.

Royal starter Paul Splittorff had not been seen since his opening-game victory on Wednesday. Confident and well rested, he sailed into the eighth with a 3–1 lead. When Yankee Second Baseman Willie Randolph lined a single to center to open the inning, Splittorff was removed. He had done his job. Now it was just a matter of setting New York down in the last two innings.

Five men tried and, in effect, five men failed. While they struggled to get six outs, New York got four runs on four hits, including a clutch pinch single by Reggie Jackson. Jackson had started the game on the bench, the proper place for a man who had looked so bad at the plate (one for 14) and in the field, where he forever seemed to be trying to play basketball with the baseball, during the first four games. But Jackson is a dramatic player, not a bad one, and this was a moment not to be missed. He drove home Randolph to make the score 3–2.

continued

to put a cross body block on Willie Randolph, break up a DP and signal a teammate to race home





Mustachioed lastballer Guidry tossed a three-hitter in the second game to defeat Kansas City 6–2

THE PLAYOFFS *continued*

In the ninth, New York scored three more times on RBIs by Mickey Rivers and Randolph and a throwing error by Third Baseman George Brett.

Lyle allowed one runner to reach base in the Royals' half of the ninth, but then he induced Fred Patek to hit into a memorable 5–4–3 game-ending double play. Afterward, the gutty little shortstop suffered alone in the dugout while the Yankees celebrated, hugging and praising each other and forgetting for a moment the antagonisms that had kept them apart for most of the season.

This was the second straight year in which Kansas City and New York battled to a climactic fifth game. For all their differences in style and personality, they remained finely matched; indeed, until Sunday, they were able to display distinct hitting and pitching superiority only on alternate days. The Royals took Game 1 in New York 7–2 and Game 3 at home 6–2, while the Yankees won 6–2 and 6–4 to twice pull even.

None of these games was close. Only once, in Game 2, did a lead change hands. Taken together, though, they reflected the strengths and weaknesses of the teams. As the opener in New York proved, the Royals are aggressive and opportunistic, quick to take advantage of an opponent's mistakes, whatever form they may take. On this day the Yankees provided two of special importance and originality. Starter Don Gullett made the first error by not letting anyone know that his arm had bothered him while he was warming up. The initial indication that something was wrong was the four straight balls he threw to leadoff batter Patek. The second indication was the home run that Hal McRae, who batted right behind Patek, powered into the left-field seats. Gullett allowed two more runs in the second inning while still hoping the pain would go away.

Meanwhile, poor judgment of another sort was being exercised by Leftfielder Lou Piniella, who thought he saw an umpire signal a ground-rule double on a ball hit by Patek in the second inning. While Piniella leisurely tossed the ball back to the infield, the third and fourth runs of the game scored and Patek wound up at second base. Home runs by John Mayberry and Al Cowens took care of the rest of the Kansas City scoring, while lefty Splittorff and the defense took care of the Yankees.

Clearly, the Yankees would have to do better, and in Game 2 they did. Guidry's tight pitching and Cliff Johnson's homer, double and two RBIs highlighted the victory, but it was a skirmish at second base between McRae and Randolph that got most of the attention. The aggressiveness of McRae on the base paths has been well documented for years by injuries to himself and his opponents. Depending on your allegiance, he is either dirty or hard-nosed. In the sixth inning he was a little of both when he went far beyond the bag to bowl into Randolph with a perfect belt-high cross-body block. McRae was seeking to break up a possible double play and allow the ubiquitous Patek to score from second. He succeeded, but not without enveloping both teams in controversy.

"That was a no-no, a cheap shot," said New York Manager Billy Martin. "When that happened to me as a player I put the ball in the man's face. Randolph didn't do that because he's a gentleman."

The Royal camp held another point of view. "Martin is full of it," said Manager Whitey Herzog. "That was a clean slide." McRae, who has heard similar complaints before, had a ready defense. "I'll do whatever is conducive to winning," he said. "If I was trying to hurt a guy, I would cut him around the knees."

Not only did the slide, as Thurman Munson insisted, "turn the whole game around"—the Yankees scored three runs in their next time at bat to break a 2–2 tie—but it also pointed up the profound difference in the styles of the clubs. As McRae said, "Martin is mad because it cost him a run, and his guys don't get many by making plays like that."

The advantage of aggressive play is that it forces the defense to hurry itself into mistakes. In Game 3 the Yankees made plenty, including bobbles by Jackson in right, Chris Chambliss at first and Torrez on the mound that all led to runs. With the Royals' 20-game winner, Dennis Leonard, throwing a four-hitter, New York could ill afford such largesse.

The Yankees were wanting in other significant ways, too. While Royal Catcher Darrell Porter described in glowing terms the scouting report that had helped thwart New York's left-handed power hitters (Jackson, Chambliss and Graig Nettles had only six hits and no homers in the series), several Yankees complained that their scouts' reports had been virtually ignored. "I can't understand it," said Torrez. "I looked at it on my own, but there was no meeting for the pitchers to go over the hitters, no meeting of any kind."

Another Yankee said Martin was not doing all he should to motivate his play-

ers. "We could be knocking down some people ourselves," he said. "Our pitchers shouldn't let their hitters lean over the plate. We need to show them we mean business, swing some elbows like they do in basketball."

The Yankees needed no special intelligence or intimidating tactics for the fourth game. In fact, Martin was so confident of beating Royal lefthander Larry Gura that he said, "We blocked all the highway exits to prevent any accidents that would keep him from coming."

Gura arrived safely at Royals Stadium, and Rivers banged his first pitch off the right center-field wall for a double—the first of four hits he would get this day. Nettles followed with an infield single, advancing Rivers to third, and Rivers scored when Munson's grounder forced Nettles at second. On the same play Nettles busted into K.C. Second Baseman Frank White, clearly in retaliation for McRae's block. "It showed we're not going to just lay down and let them beat us," Nettles said.

New York never trailed, but it took superb relief work by Lyle to keep the Royals, who had cut a 4–0 deficit to 5–4 by the fourth inning, at bay. In Game 3, Lyle had been hit hard, but on Saturday he allowed only two singles in 5⅓ innings. "I pitched better because I was a little tired," he said. "When I have too much rest, I become too strong and I muscle the ball, which straightens out my slider."

Lyle's hard breaking pitches left Kansas City with no choice but to look ahead to Game 5. And they could do so with extra confidence because Gullett's sore arm made him unavailable. "With only two days' rest, Guidry shouldn't have his normal live fastball," said Brett. "If he has to go with his breaking stuff, we'll pick up the pattern very quickly."

It seemed an unfair assignment for the inexperienced, 158-pound Guidry, and an imposing task for the Yankees. "I don't care," said Piniella. "I still think we're going to win. The Royals haven't won anything yet, and they have to remember we beat them in the fifth game last year. Now it's up to them to beat us."

Because, for once, the Yankees were not about to beat themselves.

'A SCRIPT WRITTEN BY GOD'

by RON FIMRITE

Considering all that had gone on in this strangest of all baseball playoffs, it was only fitting that the National League pennant should be won in a rainstorm by a California team before a record crowd that was not entirely there. Technically, the Philadelphia Phillies' pennant bubble burst with the clouds last Saturday night when the Los Angeles Dodgers soundly beat them 4–1 in the fourth playoff game. But it may well be that they lost the flag the day before in the course of a single inning so catastrophic, so maddening, so demoralizing that they were unable to shake the memory of it. It was an odd business, this conflict between a team that boasts, not without cause, of an alliance with the Almighty and another doomed, it would appear, to perdition.

The Championship Series began with ground crews removing dirt from one diamond and ended with them dumping dirt on another. The ultimate heroes were former cripples and old men. The two teams played abominably in perfect conditions, superbly in the worst baseball weather imaginable. A shortstop was detected missing second base on one of those phantom double-play attempts. Balks were called on two pitchers in the same game. Grand-slam homers were hit in successive games by the same team. A crowd drove a pitcher to distraction. And a comedian whose forte is vilification gave a pep talk that preceded a victory. How else could such an affair end but in a Philadelphia downpour?

It started under a Southern California sun. Actually, under a sunset, because network television dictated that the West Coast games should begin at 5:15 so that East Coast audiences might see them in prime time. Fortunately, the sun, which ordinarily shines blindingly over the rim of Dodger Stadium at that hour, was intercepted by roving high clouds. In the past, when such games have been scheduled, players have been unable to catch the ball because they have not seen it. In the opening game the players could see it but still could not catch it. Even before they were given the opportunity, there was dirty work afoot. During batting practice, the umpires determined that there was an excess of dirt in front of home plate. The umps and the Phillies suspected that some topsoil had been sprinkled around for tactical purposes. The Dodgers' opening pitcher was Tommy John, whose specialty is a sinker that hitters tend to chop straight down into

continued

When Schmidt (left) failed to field a hot grounder, the Dodgers got the winning run on in Game 3



the dirt in front of home plate. The extra loose dirt would deaden any lively grounders the Phillies might hit.

The excess was shoveled away, but it did not seem to make much difference to John, who could induce the Phillies to hit grounders but could not control what happened afterward. In the first inning mighty Mike Schmidt bounced one at Shortstop Bill Russell, who threw high to Steve Garvey at first. Greg Luzinski, the linebacker-sized leftfielder, then hit a ball high into the clouds and well beyond the center-field fence for a two-run homer. Another Russell error led to two more runs in the fifth when, with a man on first, Larry Bowa hit a ball to Second Baseman Dave Lopes' left, which he fielded and fired to Russell to begin what seemed like a certain double play. But Russell, tardily going into his DP glide, caught the ball when he was off base, an oversight detected by Umpire Harry Wendelstedt. Both runners were safe, and Dave Johnson subsequently singled home two runs that precipitated John's departure. John watched the remainder of the game on a television set in Manager Tom Lasorda's swank office and observed some things about Phillie hitters he hoped he might put to use should he be given a second start. To the Phillies' eventual grief, he got that chance.

The first game, a 7–5 Dodger loss, was further distinguished by a Ron Cey grand slam and by fine detective work by the umpires, who caught both Phillie starter Steve Carlton and Dodger reliever Elias Sosa in the act of balking. Sosa's sent Bowa home with the Phillies' insurance run in the ninth. Moments earlier Schmidt had singled home the go-ahead run. It was to be his last hit in the series, a circumstance that had much to do with the Philadelphia defeat.

The Dodgers had hoped to win both games at home, so they would need but one victory in Veterans Stadium, where the Phillies had won almost 75% of the time this season. If they were downcast after the opening loss, which was Philadelphia's first win in postseason play since the 1915 World Series, the Dodgers' mood was not reflected in their effervescent manager. Lasorda appeared before Game 2 with Don Rickles, who was in good—which is to say, bad—form in the clubhouse. "Don't worry, Billy," he said to the error-plagued Russell. "What do they [the fans] know? Just say to yourself, 'Bag, bag, bag.' Step on the bag." Davey," he called out to the swarthy Lopes, "I spoke to my neighborhood. You move in next week." Then in a serious tone he told the Dodgers, "I love you guys from the bottom of my heart." "Shove it," cried out the starting pitcher for the day, Don Sutton. Los Angeles was ready to play. Sutton scattered nine hits in an easy 7–1 win, and Leftfielder Dusty Baker hit the team's second playoff grand slam.

That set up the decisive events of Friday's game, one of the sloppiest and most exciting in playoff history. Umpire Wendelstedt, an apparent ally earlier in the week, became a Phillie anathema when he called Garvey safe at home after the smoking Baker doubled in the Dodgers' two-run second inning. The L.A. lead disintegrated in the Phillies' half of the inning when a howling Vet crowd of 63,719 set upon Dodger starter Burt Hooton. With the bases loaded and Phillie Pitcher Larry Christenson at bat, Hooton began missing. Before each pitch the fans leaped to their feet, screaming and waving at the beleaguered Los Angeles pitcher. Hooton lost his composure, although it was said afterward that some of Wendelstedt's calls unnerved him fully as much as the din. He gave up a base on balls on a 3–2 pitch to Christenson and walked two other batters to give the Phillies a 3–2 lead. Baker singled in yet another Dodger run in the fourth to tie the score, and so it remained until the eighth when the Phillies—abetted by the throwing errors of Cey and Rightfielder Reggie Smith—rallied for two runs.

After two were out in the top of the ninth, the Phillies seemed certain winners, but two aged Latino pinch hitters did them in. With the count no balls and a strike against him, Vic Davalillo, a 38-year-old (he says) Venezuelan resurrected two months ago after three seasons in the Mexican League, noticed that the Phillies' first and second basemen were playing him deep. He dragged a perfect bunt down the right side of the infield and beat it out. No big deal. Gene Garber, the bearded reliever who winds up as if he is afraid he is being followed, quickly got two strikes on Manny Mota, a 39-year-old (he says) Dominican who is the second most productive pinch hit-

Playoff MVP Baker made L.A. jump for joy by hitting a game-breaking grand slam on Wednesday



ter in baseball history. The next pitch was perfect for the situation—a change-up low and outside. Mota somehow stroked it deep to left field over the head of Luzinski, who reached for it at the fence. The ball popped out of his glove, struck the fence and popped back in again. Because it hit the fence between pops, it was no catch. A fleeter outfielder, such as Luzinski's usual late-inning defensive replacement Jerry Martin, might have caught the ball easily, and Manager Danny Ozark was criticized in the Philadelphia newspapers the next day for failing to use Martin.

Luzinski's return throw to the infield escaped Second Baseman Ted Sizemore for an error, allowing Davalillo to score and Mota to puff into third. Lopes then hit a shot that caromed off Schmidt's glove hand and into Shortstop Bowa's bare one. His throw to first was late, in the opinion of Umpire Bruce Froemming. The Phillies disputed wildly, but got no relief. Mota had scored the tying run. Then Lopes reached second when Garber's pickoff throw got by First Baseman Richie Hebner. Russell now had a chance to redeem himself. He slapped a game-winning single up the middle. The Phillies were stunned—they failed to score in the bottom of the ninth—and they would not recover. They had been one strike away from a vital win. Now they were in deep trouble.

The next day was appropriately Gothic for the fierce Phillie fans. The rain began in late afternoon, and there was considerable doubt that a game would be played. There remains considerable doubt that it should have been. National League President Chub Feeney, who sat bareheaded throughout the downpour, said that weather reports called for the clouds to lift at about 8:30 p.m. When, at 8:32, only a light drizzle was falling, it was determined to press on.

For all intents, the game and the series ended in the second inning when Baker lined a two-run homer into the black drapery—shrouds?—beyond the left-field fence. The runs batted in gave him a National League playoff record of eight. When the rain would not let up as it was supposed to, Froemming ordered the players off the premises after the Phillie half of the second and strolled through the puddles to Feeney's box. The players did not want to quit. Froemming told Feeney, and the field was in good shape. It was just that it would not stop raining. Continue, said Feeney. However, many of the fans were not prepared to stay, so that when it was announced in the sixth inning that the crowd of 64,924 was the largest ever to see a baseball game in Pennsylvania, there were thousands of empty, wet seats.

The defectors missed the only errorless game of the series. With sand frequently being sprinkled on the dirt portions of the diamond, John, who had learned from his TV watching to throw more fastballs, pitched an orderly seven-hitter. Both he and series MVP Baker are survivors of crippling injuries. John missed all of the 1975 season after complicated arm surgery and was not supposed to pitch again. Baker is still bothered by a left knee that was operated on last year. But they were the undisputed stars of this playoff.

"In this one," said Lasorda, "the script was written by God." **END**

After scouting the Phillies on the tube, John threw more fastballs to get his seven-hit, series-clinching win and the hugs of his manager and teammates.



DOWN AND OUT CAN BE UPSETTING

When its starting quarterback and his substitute hobbled off to the hospital, Texas was on its last legs, but they were the sturdy ones of Randy McEachern, who led the Horns to an upset of Oklahoma **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

The University of Texas football team is killing time in its dressing room tucked under the Cotton Bowl, secluded for the moment from any further "Hook 'em Horns" exhortations of its followers. More important, the players are protected from having to endure any more of the oldie-but-awful *Boomer Sooner*, the song of their hated rivals from Oklahoma. They sprawl on the light blue carpet flecked with brown and dark blue, tending to last-minute preparations. Which is to say, looking at their own pictures in the program.

The battle of the unbeatens will unfold in a few minutes. But everyone knows Oklahoma is more unbeaten than Texas, for the Sooners count among their victims Ohio State. Texas counts among its victims Virginia. Besides, Oklahoma was considered a hot prospect for a national championship. Texas was considered a hot prospect for finishing fourth in the Southwest Conference. Earlier this year, when Fred Akers was thrust into the uncomfortable position of taking over as head coach from Darrell Royal, Akers said, "We are not ready at this point to be a contender."

Starter Mark McBath fell after just seven plays



Youth is a big problem for the Longhorns. Leon Fuller, the defensive coordinator, laments, "We're so young we hold hands going onto the field." Not having whipped the squad from Norman since 1970, Akers summons his flock up off the floor and evangelizes, "There is nothing we can't overcome. Nothing. Good luck, men." Pause. "Ah, the hell with luck! Let's go out there and be us."

At which point the Horns raced onto the field in front of 72,032. For this game, hysteria was the norm, and things advanced from there.

First, a new Texas trick play resulted in an interception, and OU took over at the Texas 14 with the game six seconds old. Then, on Texas' seventh offensive play, starting Quarterback Mark McBath was torn, spindled and mutilated and hobbled from view. On the team's 16th offensive play, with a couple of minutes remaining in the first quarter, Texas' second-string quarterback, Jon Aune, was crushed and towed away. So out trotted the third-team quarterback, Randy McEachern, whose college record reads like that of a guy not considered good enough to play for most junior colleges. So unknown is McEachern that when Aune went down, star Running Back Earl Campbell stood on the field wondering, "Golly, who's gonna quarterback us?"

After being introduced around in the huddle, McEachern promptly set about helping Texas win. The final score was 13–6 in a wacky and wonderful game that forevermore will be held up as a model for overcoming adversity.

Beforehand, common sense suggested an Oklahoma victory. Sure, the Sooners had almost been dumped by Vanderbilt. But Oklahoma people called that a fluke. Texas, on the other horn, was rolling up box-car numbers, but the names of their rivals produced standing-room laughter. Boston College fell 44–0, Virginia fell 68–0, Rice fell 72–15 and displayed little interest in getting up. Texas was the nation's leader in rushing offense, scoring offense, rushing defense and scoring defense. And everybody said, "So what?" Akers also told his team moments before the contest, "We have a big advantage because Oklahoma does not know how good a football team you are." Neither, of course, did Akers.

All week Heisman candidate Campbell had worked secretly on a halfback pass. The beauty of it was that Campbell passing is like Babe Ruth bunting. But when the maneuver was tried on the Horns' second offensive play, Oklahoma Tackle Dave Hudgens intercepted. Three plays later, however, Fullback Kenny King fumbled, the 28th time a Sooner had this year. Midway in the first quarter Oklahoma got things together enough to score a 47-yard field goal by the hero of the Ohio State win, Uwe von Schamann.



Nine offensive plays later Jon Aune departed

In the next series of downs, McBath, who plans to be a doctor because "I like to mess around hospitals and nurses," was running an option. Before he could pitch out, he was caught by an Oklahoma defender, who started to twist him down by his ankle. At the same time, McBath was hit from the opposite side. Ironically, McBath had said earlier, "I always feel better after I'm popped good once, and I figure Oklahoma will accommodate me." X rays disclosed that McBath had a torn ligament in his left ankle and will be out for the season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON



Which left McEachern and Earl Campbell (20) to win the day

This was a serious problem for Akers because even with McBath, the quarterback situation was a little shaky. (Ted Constanzo, the second-string quarterback during spring practice, hurt his knee playing racketball this summer.) In fact, when Akers got the head job his first decision was to junk the famed wishbone offense that was born in Texas in favor of the veer and the I. The wishbone has a fullback, which helps out on blocking, but it requires great quarterbacking to be effective. The veer has no fullback, but there is an additional receiver, which helps passing. It also can succeed with mediocre quarterbacks.

So in trots Aune, a better passer than McBath, but not as good a leader. With 2:45 left in the first quarter he was leading Campbell on a sweep and had just planted his right foot to turn when he was hit. "I heard my right knee pop," Aune said. "I had the chance I'd been waiting for, and now it was gone." His X rays disclosed a torn ligament in his right knee and he, too, is out for the season.

In trots McEachern. It seemed, given his lack of experience, that if he got onto the field without tripping, he might be playing over his head. Akers had recruited him (in 1974 when Akers was a Royal assistant), and Randy was glad to accept, being as nobody else wanted him. When he was a freshman McEachern was the quarterback of the scout team, the group that runs the plays of the opponent in practice; as a sophomore he was redshirted and spent the fall marking things down on a clipboard; as a junior he had knee surgery and was out all season, so he spent that fall spotting for radio broadcasts; and last spring he still was not ready. But this fall he played some when the games were already won. Was he nervous? "Oh, no, not unless you would consider your heart stopping a sign of nervousness."

On his first play McEachern carried the ball into the right side of the line. He lost one yard. But he didn't fumble, and he got up. Given the way things were going for Texas, this was a good play. Aune tried to come back on the next series, but his knee gave way and he was through. It wasn't long before the Horns were faced with a fourth and eight on the OU 46, just right for their star kicker, Russell Erxleben, the man who kicked an NCAA record 67-yarder two weeks ago. This one was 64 yards and true. Then, with only 1:10 remaining in the half and the Horns maneuvering for another field goal by Erxleben, Campbell crashed and bashed off left tackle, careening 24 yards for the score with the kind of effort that had Heisman written all over it. At the half the score was 10–3.

As they filed by, the Longhorn players tried not to look in the training room, the sight of two quarterbacks in street clothes is not inspiring. Backfield Coach Bob Warmack insisted of Oklahoma, "They're just looking for an opportunity to lie down." Akers insisted, "Men, we lose two quarterbacks, another comes in, and we're still gonna win." But there was deep concern, and something Akers had written on a blackboard before the game seemed strangely empty. It read, "Have fun." Texas' fate seemed to rest with its swarming defense and the foot of Erxleben.

Von Schamann kicked another field goal in the third quarter and Erxleben matched it with a 58-yarder in the fourth quarter to make the score 13–6, Texas. But Oklahoma, playing without talented Back Billy Sims, who injured an Achilles tendon against Ohio State, showed signs of life. Lightly used Elvis Peacock (seven carries all day) got the ball from Quarterback Thomas Lott, then passed it back to Lott for 11 yards. Freshman David Overstreet, in for Sims, got 15. Texas was flagged for pass interference, and Kenny King went 14. The Sooners had a third down and two on the Texas six with 4:39 left.

Peacock got a yard. With fourth and one on the Texas five, Lott slid along the line until he was turned in by Texas' Lance Taylor. Lott cut and was cracked head-on by Safety Johnnie Johnson. "I looked down and saw the five-yard line, and I knew he had to cross it for the first," Johnson said later. "I also knew help was on its way." It was, in the person of Tackle Brad Shearer, who was magnificent all afternoon. It appeared the Sooners were clearly done. But Erxleben made sure, unloading a 69-yard punt (he had a 71-yarder earlier) to keep Oklahoma at bay. "Kicking is no fun," says Erxleben, "if you're not good at it."

Back home in Austin, a mob of fans greeted the Longhorn plane as it taxied to the terminal, and Randy McEachern, who had left the day before not planning even to work up a sweat, was faced with T shirts on his return, inscribed, RANDY'S DANDY. He was four-for-eight passing, and if he only had a total of 59 yards on offense, that was enough. He was asked what was his biggest thrill of the game? "The end."

But when the shouting faded and Akers was alone in his office, he conceded his team had paid a high price. Backing up McEachern are three freshmen, and tough Arkansas was next on the schedule. Said Akers, "I think we're going to find out what we're made of."

But at least he knows now that his young Longhorns can climb Mount Adversity, and that they enjoy the view from the top. **END**



SAY HELLO TO THE FEARSOME THREESOME

Oakland won the Super Bowl with it, and two of the NFL's four undefeated teams use it. It's the 3–4 defense, and the only people who don't like it are the linemen

by JOE MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT SPITZMILLER

For the last 20 years the NFL defense of four linemen and three linebackers—"They're using the standard 4–3, Curt"—has been even more of a Sunday afternoon staple than beer and cheese doodles. The Fearsome Foursome. The Purple People Eaters. The Sack Pack. The Steel Curtain. Big Daddy Lipscomb. Kill, Bubba, Kill! But now the front four as we have known and loved it is going the way of moleskins and the flying wedge. More and more NFL teams are switching to a defense variously called Orange, 53, 30, 3–2, Stack, or—most descriptively—3–4. By whatever name, this defense deploys three linemen and four linebackers, and it features a new position with a fascinating name—nose tackle.

Seven NFL teams now use the 3–4 as their primary defense, and a dozen oth-

In the 3–4 the nose tackle squares off against the center (61), the ends go against the offensive tackles and the linebackers plug the gaps and cover the flanks.





The three down linemen grumble that they do all the fierce head knocking and then it's the four linebackers who make all the sacks

ers go into it in specific situations. Oakland won the Super Bowl with the 3–4 last season. Of the seven 3–4 teams, Oakland, Denver, Houston and Miami all shut out their opponents in their opening games, and Philadelphia allowed only a field goal. The Broncos' 3–4 did not yield a touchdown in its second game, either. Exclude winless Tampa Bay, and the other six 3–4 advocates—including New England—have a combined record of 18–6. And of the four NFL teams with undefeated records after the first four weeks, two—Oakland and Denver—play the 3–4 most of the time. (Dallas and Baltimore are the undefeated clubs using the 4–3.)

In the 3–4 the three linemen are well spaced—the two ends line up opposite the offensive tackles, and the nose tackle squares off practically nose-to-nose with

continued

"Against the 3–4 you have to settle for short gains because the linebackers are in better pursuit position," says O. J. Simpson. Here he settles for a big loss



the center. Two of the four linebackers set up on opposite flanks and the other two fill the gaps between the ends and the nose tackle. The 3–4 is designed for speed and deception, not brute strength like the 4–3. "The 3–4 is a pursuing defense, not really an aggressive beat-'em-up defense," says New England Nose Tackle Ray Hamilton, who rates with Denver's Rubin Carter (see *cover*) as the best of this new breed.

Unfortunately for the Carters and the Hamiltons, the linebackers in the 3–4—not the linemen—seem to grab the headlines. Denver had the AFC's third best defense last year, but can anyone east of Colorado Springs or west of Boulder name the Broncos' front three? Would you believe Carter, Lyle Alzado and Barney Chavous? Care to take a stab at Miami's front three—or even Oakland's?

"In the 3–4, what the linemen basically do is make things happen for the linebackers," grumbles Oakland's 6′ 7″, 270-pound John Matuszak, who began to live up to the potential that made him the NFL's first draft choice in 1973 only when the Raiders, his fifth pro team, installed him at left end in their 3–4 last season. Houston Nose Tackle Curley Culp echoes Matuszak in stronger language. "I don't like the word 'sacrificial,' " Culp says, "but that's exactly what you'd call the 3–4, a sacrificial defense. We sacrifice our bodies so the linebackers can make tackles. I guess we're the garbage collectors. Personally, I don't particularly care for the three-man front. If you took a consensus of the defensive linemen throughout the league, I think you'd find that nobody likes the 3–4."

Culp's attitude hardly surprises coaches. Denver Defensive Coordinator Joe Collier admits, "The 3–4 is a very difficult defense for linemen. They can't be freewheeling or creative because there aren't enough other linemen to cover up for them. Defensive linemen don't like the 3–4 because they don't get the sacks. The linebackers get them."

Of course, it is results, not players' feelings, that matter to coaches. "It's important to understand that this is not a cure-all defense," cautions New England's Chuck Fairbanks, who in 1974 became the first pro coach to make the 3–4 his team's primary defense against both the pass and run. "You still need good players. The theory of the defense is sound but really no more sound than the 4–3." Oakland Coach John Madden agrees. "Ultimately, it comes down to who your people are," he says. "If your fourth linebacker is better than your fourth lineman, then the 3–4 is better for you."

If Madden is correct, then the 3–4 soon will become the universal defense in the NFL. Indeed, compared to Brobdingnagian linemen, linebackers are a dime a dozen. Even Washington Coach George Allen, who lives or dies with the 4–3, admits, "It's easier to find a 220-pound linebacker who can run 40 yards in 4.6 or 4.7 seconds than it is to find a 6′ 5″, 260-pound lineman who can move." Oakland's Madden, for instance, had no recourse but to switch from the 4–3 to the 3–4 early last season after injuries wiped out three of his five defensive linemen.

If finding defensive linemen who can move is so difficult, why then don't the Carters and the Hamiltons get publicity? Philadelphia Coach Dick Vermeil, a convert to the 3–4 this season, says, "If the nose tackle is doing his job, you won't notice him because he'll be neutralizing the center of the line and allowing the linebackers to flow to the ball."

The double team—by the center and a guard—is the nose tackle's daily diet. "A nose tackle has to be able to endure the pounding," says Carter. "On most plays, a 250-pound center and a 260-pound guard hit me. That's 510 pounds each play." That's what Culp means by 'sacrificial.' Nevertheless, Carter led the Bronco linemen in tackles last season.

The 6-foot, 252-pound Carter, an All-America defensive tackle at the University of Miami and Denver's fifth-round draft choice in 1975, is thickly muscled, can bench-press 525 pounds and moves with exceptional quickness. His relative shortness enables him to get underneath the center at the snap and gain leverage against blocks. "If just a center can handle our nose tackle, we have no advantage with the 3–4," says Denver's Collier. "But if the nose man can force a double team, then we have a free linebacker to track down the ball. Rubin's strength is his ability to get away from blocks, meaning the opposition has to double-team at least."

Miami was the first NFL team to use the 3–4, employing what was called the "53" during its 17–0 Super Bowl season in 1973. This formation was the stepchild of something called the "over stack," a variation of the 4–3 in which three of the four defensive linemen were placed opposite the offense's strong side—the side with the tight end. The 53's genesis was a result of Defensive End Jim Riley's getting hurt. Rather than fill his spot, opposite the tight end, with an inexperienced down lineman, Defensive Coordinator Bill Arnsparger experimented with a standing linebacker instead. The Dolphins had borrowed the over stack from Hank Stram, then coaching at Kansas City. Stram had used this defense successfully while leading the Chiefs past Minnesota in Super Bowl IV. Poor Stram. He didn't know it at the time, but it wasn't the offense of the '70s he was on to, it was the defense of the '70s.

To fill the new linebacker position the Dolphins chose Bob Matheson, who had played some defensive end at Cleveland. The 53 was called the 53 because Matheson wore No. 53. In that first year the Dolphins thought of the 53 strictly as a pass defense. Matheson was inserted only in obvious passing situations and did most of the Dolphins' blitzing.

New England's Fairbanks has always believed in deploying the 3–4 against the run. At Oklahoma, Fairbanks had played a defense almost identical to the 3–4, but in 1973, his first year in the NFL, he switched to the pros' traditional 4–3. In two games Buffalo's O. J. Simpson gained 469 yards against the Patriots' 4–3, and Miami's Mercury Morris had 297 in his two outings against it. In all, the Patriots surrendered more than 200 yards rushing per game that season, finishing last in the league in that department.

Fairbanks spent the off-season studying game films and discovered that one of his 4–3 defenses, a version of Stram's over stack, had held up from tackle to tackle but had broken down badly on the outside. The problem: a lack of mobility on the flanks. The solution: substitute a speedy linebacker for a slow defensive end. Fairbanks promptly switched to the 3–4 as the Patriots' full-time defense. Around the league there were whispers that while Fairbanks had done all right with the 3–4 in college, this was the NFL and . . . well, you know.

In their first year with the 3–4 the Patriots jumped from last against the run to first. Rival coaches stopped whispering about Fairbanks and started to study his defense. One advantage of the 3–4 was obvious. Because it closely resembles the standard college defense, inexperienced rookies could move quickly and effectively into pro starting lineups.

But more important to NFL coaches

continued

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are the flexibility and unpredictability of the 3–4—it is really several defenses rolled into one. Blitz a linebacker and—presto!—the 3–4 becomes the 4–3. What a team might lose by having one less lineman is compensated for by the fact that the offense doesn't know which linebacker will serve as the fourth rusher on a particular play. Blitz two linebackers and it is like playing the 4–3 and blitzing just one—though not for the offense trying to block it. "The 3–4 creates a great deal of offensive confusion," says Cincinnati Assistant Coach Chuck Studley. "Pro teams have had to devise whole new patterns of pass blocking."

Teams can use the 3–4 without making any adjustments in the standard zone pass coverage they employed in the days of the 4–3. That coverage calls for four short zones and three deep ones. In fact, if none of the 3–4 linebackers blitzes, then the defense has the flexibility of an extra man—a linebacker—in the pass coverage. That man can either create a fifth short zone—forcing longer, riskier passes—or he can be assigned to one particular player. In one game this season, the Broncos occasionally had a linebacker stick with St. Louis Halfback Terry Metcalf. As a result, Metcalf was never able to break free for the sort of long gainer that the Cardinals depend on, and St. Louis was shut out 7–0.

Miami has taken the 3–4's flexibility and unpredictability a step further by fielding a player who is both linebacker and lineman. He is Kim Bokamper, a 6′ 6″, 245-pound former defensive end at San Jose State whom the Dolphins drafted in the first round in 1976. Bokamper never played linebacker in college, so he was understandably confused when a Miami assistant coach arrived on the West Coast to run him through linebacker drills several weeks before the draft. It wasn't until the Dolphins actually selected Bokamper that Shula revealed what he had in mind. Now when the Dolphins want to shift from the 3–4 to the 4–3, they don't have to tip their hand by sending an extra defensive lineman into the game. Just before the snap Bokamper, who usually plays left linebacker, simply moves up onto the line and gets down in a three-point stance.

What makes the 3–4 particularly successful against the run is the extra pursuit provided by the fourth linebacker. "Against the 3–4," says O. J. Simpson, "you have to settle for a three- or four-yard gain every time. It's much tougher to break a big one because the linebackers are in better pursuit position."

O.J. should know. In his first two games this year, running—or trying to—on a bad ankle against the 3–4 defenses of Miami and Denver, Simpson was held to a total of 114 yards, his output on an off day. His longest gain was just 10 yards.

And, as O.J. knows, the really bad news is that this season Buffalo plays six of its games against teams that play the 3–4 at all times. On the other hand, Walter Payton, one of Simpson's chief threats for the NFL rushing title, runs against only two teams that employ the 3–4. Sorry about that, O.J. **END**

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

For the first time in 31 years the National Hockey League opens its season with a president whose name is not Clarence Campbell. The NHL's new boss is John Augustus Ziegler Jr., 43, a Detroit lawyer who inherits from the retired Campbell a host of critical problems, including empty seats, a flood of red ink, a schedule packed with mismatches, lack of a network television package, 18 owners who usually agree only to disagree and—because the NHL spurned a merger this summer—continued warfare with the World Hockey Association. Ziegler (right) was a vice-president of the Detroit Red Wings, a team which lost more than $2 million last season while compiling the worst record in hockey. He also was the chairman of the NHL's board of governors last year. In selecting Ziegler as the league's first American-born president, NHL owners kept him on as board chairman, thus giving him a broad and unprecedented mandate to put their troubled house in order. Ziegler, though, has no more clout than that routinely wielded by Attorney Robert Alan Eagleson (left), the executive director of the NHL Players Association as well as the game's

HOCKEY 1977-78

leading players' agent. The ebullient Eagleson, 44, is largely responsible for the fact that the average player salary in the NHL is $85,000 (plus $11,000 in fringes), an obvious boon to the men he represents but a drain on club coffers. A Toronto resident and onetime member of the Ontario Parliament, Eagleson is also the prime mover in Hockey Canada, the quasi-governmental body that runs that country's ventures in international hockey. For better or worse, the future of hockey depends on what kind of leadership Ziegler and Eagleson provide—and on how they get along at the bargaining table. For clues to how they might deal with the sport's problems—and each other—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED brought them together in a New York hotel suite. Ziegler and Eagleson talked hockey for more than two hours, bantering on more than a few points but also sounding several encouragingly statesmanlike themes



CONTINUED

SI Alan, when the NHL elected John president in June, you said, "The NHL took the easy way out in not choosing a 'tough' president from outside the league." Has anything happened to change your mind?

Ziegler I'd like to leave

Eagleson. Because of changes that have occurred in the attitudes of the owners, I've already changed my position with respect to John Ziegler My concern was that he was an American—as a Canadian, I naturally feel that way—and that the NHL owners had put their heads in the sand. It was almost as though they feared letting an outsider know their problems There were too many things happening in the NHL that looked to me to be too much like WHA wheeling and dealing, where you put an arbitrary price on a franchise of five bucks and try to stiff somebody with it for seven I thought we needed somebody to come in and say, "Gentleman, you're kidding yourselves." Then, in various meetings, our opinion of John went up because of the way he was able to keep a handle on most of his owners. Of course, as he goes along, I think he'll find some of them a little less controllable.

Ziegler: If Alan is suggesting that sometimes he's in an easier position than I am, it's because he does not necessarily find the same independence in his players that I find in my owners

Eagleson (Laughter)

SI Let's talk about the operation John takes over How much money did the NHL lose last year?

Eagleson $18 million

Ziegler: To be a little more accurate, there were 10 clubs out of the 18 in the league that lost a total of $18 million

SI The other eight made money?

Eagleson. No, probably two or three broke even.

SI. And several franchises were rescued from financial ruin Meanwhile, the NHL turned down a merger with the WHA The result is that the same 18 NHL clubs—and eight WHA teams—are starting this season. It has been obvious for a long time that hockey has spread its talent, audience and dollars too thin. Aren't 26 clubs simply too many?

Eagleson: I'm not convinced that there are more than 20 good hockey cities in North America And I'm not convinced that the NHL has 18 of them. During merger talks, our very simple view was that four weak NHL franchises—Cleveland, Denver and, at that time, St Louis and Atlanta—could be dropped in favor of four strong WHA franchises: Quebec, Edmonton, Winnipeg and New England. We could gamble on two other WHA clubs, probably Cincinnati and Houston. Then we'd have 20 pretty good hockey cities

SI. Actually, Alan, haven't you advocated "restructuring" the NHL back to 14 or 15 teams? Which teams would go?

Eagleson: The places that worry me are, particularly, Cleveland and Colorado because the WHA folded in both locations and because there is just a very negative feeling about these cities.

Ziegler When people have invested upward of $5 or $6 million, it would be unfair to come in and say, "Thanks a lot It's been fun having you, but for the good of the league we don't need you anymore." If the economics don't prove out and they're unwilling to continue to invest, *then* we can restructure But the feeling is that maybe we still haven't given it our best shot in some of these cities.

Eagleson It's easier for me to divest the NHL of franchises than it is for John and the owners. It's not my money.

SI Doesn't the league still have an expansion committee? Surely there can't be any serious thought of *expanding*?

Ziegler: We do have a committee but we have no plans for expansion at this point.

Eagleson. They're still recovering from the last one

SI John, we understand that you lobbied hard for a merger with the WHA. Because there was no merger, don't you consider this a defeat for John Ziegler?

Ziegler We're the only sport that isn't operating under one league and I was in favor of doing what we had to do to reach a decision If the legal and financial problems could have been solved, on a theoretical basis, yes, I was in favor But it wasn't until we got all the information that we could make a judgment. And then, there was no question. I concurred with the board's vote to reject a merger agreement

SI The WHA owners vow to fight on Will they last another year?

Ziegler They say they will, so

Eagleson. I think they can last in some capacity for another two, three or five years.

SI What effect will the WHA have on NHL salaries?

Ziegler: Because of our financial situation, the lush bidding war between the leagues is over. For the last four or five years we warned everybody that the way salaries were going up, things would only get worse.

Eagleson Well, you're right—if that's any consolation.

Ziegler Absolutely none

SI Alan, what's happening here? Why you're cheerfully agreeing that high salaries have hurt the owners

Eagleson The players know that they're as responsible as the owners for some of the financial difficulties that exist. Having helped cause those difficulties, we could only hurt our credibility if we ignored them.

Ziegler The players recognize that they've got a big stake in this game A little more than 50% of the league's gross gate receipts go toward salaries, and that makes them a partner in this business I don't know of any other business that pays 50% of revenues for labor costs We'll have to reduce the percentage It may not necessarily mean that players will make that much less It means we will try to add to revenues and bring the percentage down that way.

SI. The NHL and the Players' Association recently signed a five-year contract giving management the right to buy out long-term players' contracts at 33⅓% In other words, when a player on a multiyear contract stops producing owners can dispose of such a player by paying off only one-third of his multiyear contract instead of the whole thing Why did the players go along with this?

Eagleson First, it was necessary for the owners' economic survival—and I'm not sure we're there yet I said to the players, look, this may only be Act Two of a three-act play. Act Three may take place at Christmas when the owners might come back to us and say, "We can't even live with that." But a lot of players were also uncomfortable with the fact that there are some others earning major league salaries

who are in the minor leagues. And there are some who are simply not playing at all but who say, "I'm all right, Jack. Just pay me my $200,000 a year and so what if I can't play?" Well, that festers within a team and gives a wrong impression to the fans.

SI: Ultimately, when you talk about player contracts, isn't it simply up to management to be more intelligent in negotiations?

Eagleson: This is my argument—and John, remember this—and why I can never be totally sympathetic to management's side. If a team gets stiffed by a player, whose fault is it? To my knowledge, no player has ever signed a unilateral contract with any NHL club. Somebody on management's side has always said yes or no. And management doesn't *have* to get stiffed. Like Bobby Clarke. Philadelphia got a bargain in him. They signed him for life.

SI: John, let's talk more about the owners. Most people agree that the NHL has done a sorry job of marketing its product. Why?

Ziegler: The NHL grew up as a confederation of just six members and everybody had the idea that you made it or lost it strictly on what you did in your own little market. If you didn't make it, tough. Unfortunately, some of that attitude still exists. Only now are we recognizing that we've got to operate as a league, with league-wide programs and promotions. Because what happened in Oakland [the failure of the Seals there cost NHL owners $12 million] and what happened in Cleveland [the Barons almost went belly-up last March but were saved by a $600,000 loan financed by Eagleson's NHL Players' Association] concerned everybody—we're still paying for it. You can't just look at your own franchise.

Eagleson: Hockey is more fragmented than any other major sport because of the parochial attitude of the owners. That was obvious during the WHA negotiations, when John was riding herd on three sets of cattle—one running toward the WHA, one running away and another group running around in circles.

SI: One area where the NHL blundered repeatedly is TV. NBC dropped hockey two seasons ago because of poor ratings and the league's refusal to provide the best game each week. Last season you had your own patchwork "network" that produced little, if any, profit. How important is a major network contract and what are you doing to land one?

Ziegler: It's probably as important psychologically as it is financially. People say, "You don't have a TV contract and therefore. . . ." A lot of "therefores" follow. It's a psychological downer. On Madison Avenue it's the numbers that count and we have to overcome that.

SI: But doesn't the NHL have a long history of burning its bridges with the TV networks? Even last year Chicago refused to switch any Sunday night games to Monday night so the NHL's own network could show Bobby Orr in action.

Ziegler: Possibly we didn't always deliver the right games. Maybe our owners didn't recognize the importance of a national TV contract. There were some who said, "I won't do anything that would take away seats or change my schedule."

Eagleson: Like, "I always play Saturday night at 8 p.m."

Ziegler: Hopefully, that is changing.

SI: One network has suggested—not entirely facetiously—that you change from three 20-minute periods to two 30-minute periods to eliminate one inter-

continued

THE MONEY GAME



mission and make the game better for TV purposes.
Eagleson. We'd play nonstop.
Ziegler. We've got to keep an open mind. But there is some purity in the sport that we hope to maintain.
SI: Let's touch on some changes that might make the game more palatable for the fans. Right now you've got four meaningless divisions—not even the players can tell you which teams are in which division—and an unfathomable playoff formula. Why not promote divisional rivalries and identities the way baseball does with its American and National leagues? Say, by going to two nine-team divisions with each team playing most of its games within its own division. Say 64 games within the division and 18 outside.
Eagleson. The players are for that. In fact, two of them, Phil Esposito and Jimmy Rutherford, did the league's work for it and came up with a two-divisional plan that makes sense geographically and competitively. For example, Montreal and Los Angeles have a rivalry that ought to keep them in the same division. That's because the Kings have so many Montreal graduates—or failures.
Ziegler. It's too simplistic.
Eagleson. Too sensible.
Ziegler. I think going to 9–9 is a mistake. Four divisions means four chances for first place, which creates interest. This is also something that baseball did and it's worked well for the most part.
SI: But in baseball, John, there is a separation of leagues, not the "let's play everyone" situation you have in hockey.
Eagleson: Personally, I'd prefer 6–6–6. Then the lowest anybody could finish would be sixth. Of course, if we had 18 divisions of one club each, then Cleveland could advertise "Come see your first-place club in Division 18."
SI: Why not try sudden-death overtime periods in an attempt to reduce the number of tie games—118 last season. The old argument was that clubs had to catch trains after the game. Now everybody flies out the next morning. Don't tie games leave everybody dissatisfied?
Eagleson. The players could live with overtime.
Ziegler. I remember as a young fan in Detroit, watching overtimes during the playoffs and enjoying them. Of course, that's when the Red Wings were on top and they won most of those overtimes. But how would you like to see your team steam from behind in your own building to tie it up with one minute to play only to lose in overtime?
Eagleson: Instead, now the Red Wings are a last-place team and that's why John was made league president. On the basis of his success with the Red Wings.
Ziegler. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED already printed that [SCORECARD, July 4].
Eagleson. Print it again.
SI: Hockey has been embarrassed by controversy and court actions over on-ice violence. The NHL has taken steps to cut down the violence. Can't more be done?
Ziegler. Hockey has gotten a bum rap on this. It's a violent sport, there's no denying it. You can't put men skating 20 mph, where part of their purpose is to run into one another, and you can't fire a hard rubber puck at more than 100 mph, and say there isn't violence. But people get confused. There's some unfortunate use of sticks in hockey and if that's your definition of violence, then, yes, that's out. That's *bad* violence.
SI: But what about the fighting? Doesn't that turn fans off?
Eagleson. No, a lot of them like that aspect of it—I don't know why. But basically, because of rule changes [game misconducts to the third player entering a fight, heavy fines for players leaving their benches to join an altercation, etc.] I think that violence has already become less of an issue.
SI: Divisional realignment, overtime, fighting—at least it's possible to kick these subjects around. But everybody seems stumped when it comes to restoring the NHL's competitive balance, which has been destroyed, above all, by Sam Pollock and company up in Montreal. Wouldn't it help the NHL if there were some suspense about who was going to win the Stanley Cup for the next decade?
Eagleson. Some of the players came up with a cure. Just make Sam an itinerant general manager working one year for each team. Within 18 years you'd have them all balanced. Of course, who'd want to take the 18th spot?
SI: In a feeble effort to spread the talent around, the new players' contract provides for an internal "waiver draft" by which have-not clubs can claim marginal players from haves like Montreal and Boston. The number of players the strong clubs can protect will drop over five years from 23 to 19, excluding first-year players. But realistically, isn't that going to move all of about eight players?
Eagleson. That's probably 80 less than we should move but it's eight more than we moved before. We would have liked a protected list of 15. Again, it's easy for us to say.
Ziegler. If you'd told me 18 months ago we'd achieve even this much, I'd have said, 'What've you been smoking?'"
SI: Pollock built his empire by trading expendables for first-round draft choices. The first-round draft choices—Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt, for example—became stars and the expendables remained expendables. Why not prohibit clubs from trading first-round choices?
Ziegler. I always felt that clubs should not be restricted from trying to improve themselves as they saw fit. History suggests this judgment may need reevaluating. But then, if you prohibit a club from trading away a first pick, you may deny it the chance to get the one key player who might lift it into the playoffs next year. Ultimately, any imbalance must be corrected by management, by good drafting.
Eagleson. There are no magic formulas. You can't legislate against stupidity.
SI: Something that *has* produced some exciting play is international hockey, particularly the two memorable NHL-Soviet series. Yet eventually isn't international play just going to create one more problem for the NHL? After all, once you've seen Canada-Russia, how can you get excited by Colorado-Washington?
Ziegler. We feel that international competition creates interest in hockey. The fans want it and it produces revenue. And there's prestige to be gained from it.
SI: Even when the Russians beat you as they did 5–2–1 in the club series two seasons ago?
Ziegler. That's just a fact of life.
SI: Alan, besides being head of the players' association, you're also an agent for individual players, with the result

that you represent some players at one level, others at two levels. While wearing your agent's hat, and with the help of four accountants and six secretaries, you represent not only 100 players and several coaches but also half a dozen general managers, the very men with whom you negotiate players' contracts. You join the management to stage international tournaments. And while leading the *NHL* players' association, you've delivered players into the WHA. In 25 words or less . . .

Ziegler: That'll be a first.

SI: . . . aren't there some obvious conflicts here?

Eagleson: I declare my conflicts in advance and people agree to deal with me on that basis. I have told the Players' Association on innumerable occasions that anytime they get tired of me, let me out. I can make more money doing other things.

SI: John, Alan joked earlier about your involvement with the Red Wings, a team that has made the Stanley Cup playoffs only once in the last 11 seasons. It's been said that you were Detroit's *de facto* general manager. What blame do you bear for the club's troubles?

Ziegler: I was the club's counselor and a vice-president, and as part of management I accept responsibility for the results. But I was never *de facto* general manager. Contrary to public opinion in Detroit, Bruce Norris [the Red Wing owner] has always permitted his general managers to make all decisions with respect to player personnel.

SI: We noticed that your entry in *Who's Who* mentioned your law practice but made no reference to your involvement with hockey.

Eagleson: Smart move, John.

Ziegler: I've held vice-presidencies of lots of companies, and they're not listed, either.

SI: As though declining attendance, lack of a TV contract and the rest were not enough, a recent Harris survey shows a 35% dropoff in fan interest in hockey. Everything considered, do you really feel that hockey is a major-league sport?

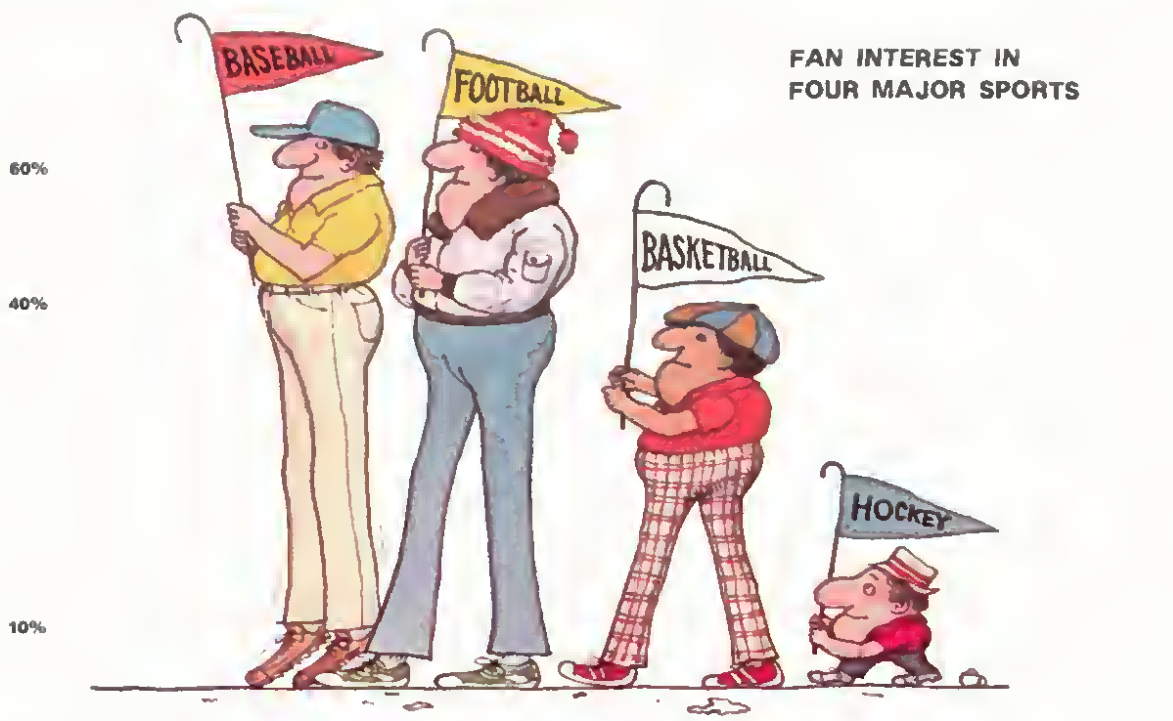
Ziegler: Yes, I do. First of all, it's a great sport. Second, it is in the major markets and the grosses are major league. Attendance *was* down last year but not by much. We probably have more individual coverage—games televised locally—than any other sport, baseball possibly excepted. As for the testings you mentioned, these are always a year behind what's going on. We've had major problems, but the solutions, I feel, are under way. The momentum is turning, especially with the attitude now by the players that they're a partner in the business.

Eagleson: The partnership John refers to is a solid one. We're not always happy with the owners and they're not always happy with us, but we can sit down and thrash out our problems. And often agree on action to be taken.

SI: Alan Eagleson "runs" hockey—or so people say. John, as the new president of the NHL, do you agree?

Ziegler: I think it would be a mistake to make that judgment. But it would also be a mistake to fail to recognize that Alan, by personality as well as position, is a major influence in our game. And as long as we improve the game and get the arenas filled, Alan can be king for all it matters to me.

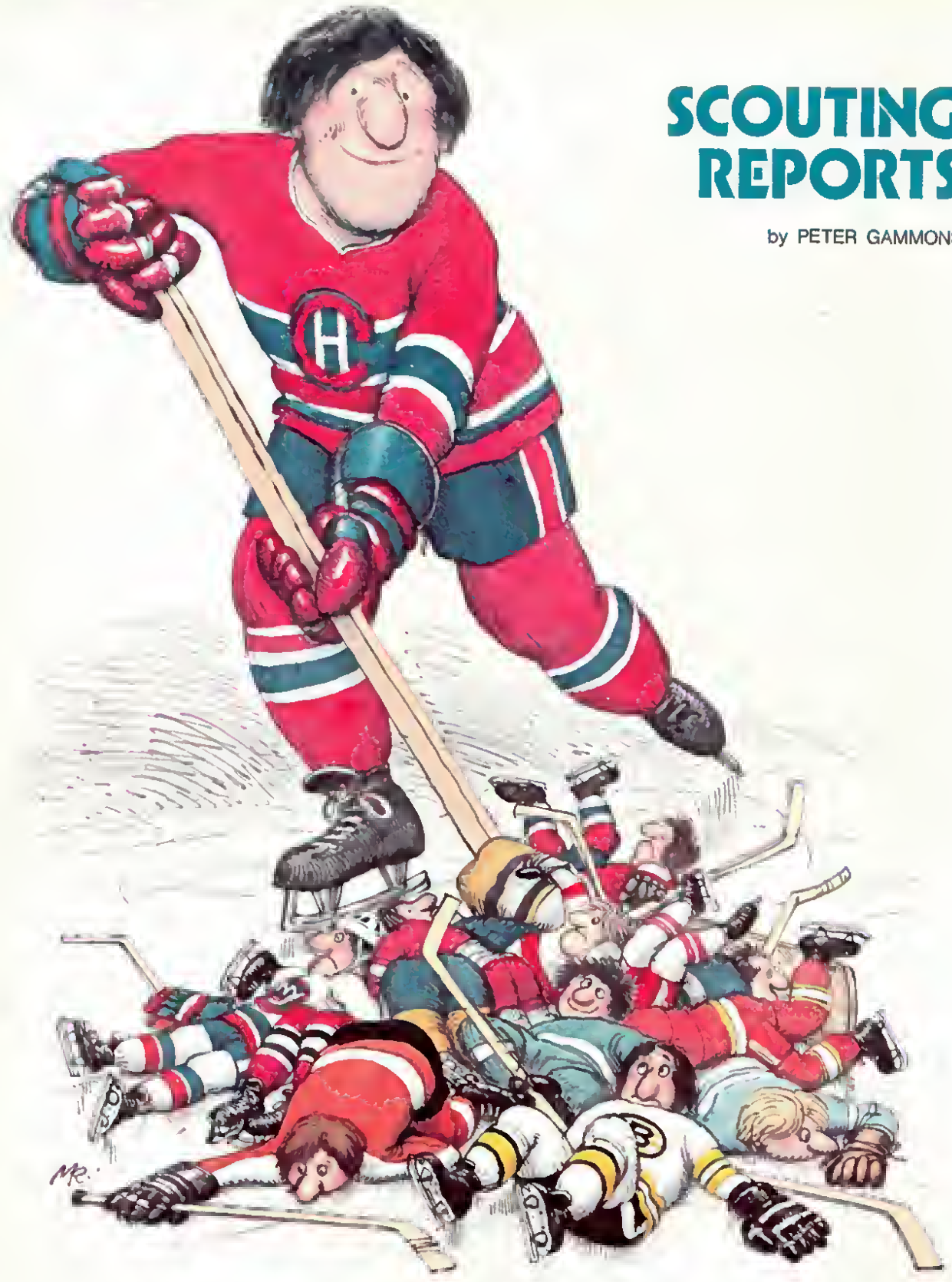
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SCOUTING REPORTS

by PETER GAMMONS



NHL

The Montreal Canadiens still skate in a league of their own

As they say in Montreal, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Translation: nine NHL teams may have hired new coaches, the Philadelphia Flyers and the Detroit Red Wings may have brought back the mace and chain, Rod Gilbert and the New York Rangers may have kissed and made up, a company that produces dog chow, among other things, may have bought the St. Louis Blues, and the league's officials may have their last names stitched across the back of their uniform shirts, but none of the above will prevent the MONTREAL Canadiens from romping to their third straight Stanley Cup championship.

Accurately labeled "one of the three best teams in hockey history" last season after they coursed through the regular schedule with a 60–8–12 record, outscoring the opposition 387 goals to 171, and then coasted to the Stanley Cup by winning 12 of 14 games, *Les Canadiens* no doubt will be rated as "one of the four best teams in hockey history" at the conclusion of the 1977-78 season. Indeed, Montreal does not have a single weakness.

Other teams may be storing up on *Slapshot* brutes, but not the Canadiens. Montreal is hockey's biggest team, and any rival who dares pick on Jacques Lemaire or Guy Lafleur or Yvan Cournoyer can count on an immediate meeting with the fists of Larry Robinson or Pierre Bouchard or Yvon Lambert. The 6' 3", 210-pound Robinson, the man with the elastic arms, emerged as the game's best defenseman last season and joins Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe to form the nucleus of a defense corps that provides Goaltenders Ken Dryden and Bunny Larocque with the type of protection that is envied by even the Secret Service. The forwards? Just MVP Lafleur and his 136 regular-season and 26 playoff points; Steve Shutt and his 60 goals; Lemaire and his pinpoint passes to Lafleur and Shutt; and all those pesky checkers and face-off wizards, most notably Doug Jarvis, Bob Gainey and Doug Risebrough.

While Montreal will be playing in the one-team Elite flight, the best of the rest—the NEW YORK Islanders, Philadelphia, Boston and Buffalo—will be warring in the Ronnie Runner-up class. It's about that time for the young Islanders, the only team to win a game from Montreal—three, in fact—in the last two Stanley Cup playoffs, to mature and overcome the too frequent cases of the blahs that have always afflicted them at the wrong times. What would certainly help the Islanders is consistent play from Denis Potvin, the 23-year-old defenseman whose exalted opinion of himself on and off the ice led to a long period of estrangement from his teammates and a deterioration of his game last year. *L'Affaire* Potvin seems to have quieted down, or at least Potvin no longer wonders aloud why his teammates don't visit museums and libraries or select a 1972 red with their dinners.

Thanks to the addition of two Swedish imports, Goaltender Goran Hogosta and Defenseman Stefan Persson, the Islanders almost certainly will be trading either a goaltender or a defenseman—or maybe one of each—in an attempt to acquire a forward with proven 35-goal ability. Although Billy Smith and Chico Resch combined to give New York the second-best goals-against average in the NHL a year ago, one could be expendable if Hogosta plays to expectation. Or Hogosta could be the odd man out.

Center Bryan Trottier and top draft choice Mike Bossy, a 75-goal scorer for the Laval (Quebec) juniors last season, seem to be the only Islander forwards who don't specialize in hitting goal posts or shooting the puck over the net and into the crowd, but Bossy's checking deficiencies may keep him on the bench in many games.

For better or worse, the old PHILADELPHIA Flyers are back. After fighting their way to two Stanley Cups, the Flyers tried to play it straight the last two years and came away empty. So now they will be the Broad St. Bullies once again, led by pugilistic Paul Holmgren, a right wing whose best shot seems to be an overhand right from the blind side. The Flyers initiated several bench-clearing brawls during the exhibition season, including a disgraceful donnybrook against Boston that spread to the corridors of the Spectrum.

Violence aside, Philadelphia will need more consistency in goal than Bernie Parent has provided the last two seasons; leadership on defense from 6' 5", 215-pound Bob Dailey, and regular scoring by the once prolific line of Bobby Clarke, Bill Barber and Reggie Leach. Clarke dropped from 30 goals to 27, Barber from 50 to 20 and Leach from 61 to 32 last season. Only Rick MacLeish had a productive (49 goals) season for the Flyers, but this year he'll probably wear himself out trying to kill Holmgren's penalties.

BOSTON Coach Don Cherry took one look at top draft pick Dwight Foster and decided that he would fit right in with the Bruins' Lunchpail A.C. "Look at that scar between his eyes," Cherry said. "He's my kind of guy." Foster plays center, a position already overcrowded with Jean Ratelle (33 goals), Peter McNab (38) and Gregg Sheppard (31), one of whom could be traded for the defenseman—are you listening, Islanders—the Bruins need so desperately to work with Brad Park. Mike Milbury and Gary Doak. Boston also has an extra goaltender now that Ron Grahame has come over from the WHA to challenge holdovers Gerry Cheevers and Gilles Gilbert. One Bruin who will not—repeat, not—be traded is Right Wing Terry O'Reilly, the pack leader. "The Bruins used to think Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr were the soul of the team," says Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero, "but all along it was Terry O'Reilly."

New BUFFALO Coach Marcel Pronovost has made it clear to Defensemen Jim Schoenfeld and Jerry Korab that he expects them to use their collective 428 pounds for something other than pacifist causes. Trouble is, Schoenfeld and Sabres General Manager Punch Imlach are not on the same wavelength, and Schoenfeld could be dealt away if the Sabres don't skate to an explosive start. One other problem:

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for all the gaudy scoring statistics compiled by Gilbert Perreault, Richard Martin and Rene Robert. Buffalo has always come up short in the big games.

How Buffalo fares may well depend on the health of two players, Goaltender Gerry Desjardins and Right Wing Danny Gare. Desjardins was hit in the right eye by a puck last February, sat out the rest of the season and now will try to play with a thick contact lens. The 5' 7", 175-pound Gare is the Sabres' real team leader. He scored 50 goals two years ago but missed 45 games last season because of a back injury. If he's healthy, Gare will lead his teammates into all the corners of the rink that they carefully avoided during his absence.

TORONTO appears to be the best of the Vast and Silent Majority, although no one has ever accused Maple Leafs Owner Harold Ballard of being very silent. The 13 VSM teams couldn't care less about Montreal's Elite flight, they're only concerned with the NHL's new wild-card alignment for the playoffs. In the past the top three finishers in each of the four divisions qualified for the playoffs. Now only the top two finishers qualify, with the final four playoff positions going to the teams with the best records. Some people call this program the Ranger Plan, in honor of the New York Rangers, who finished fourth in the Patrick Division and missed the playoffs last season, even though they had more points than the second place team in the Sweathog—er, Smythe—Division.

Former schoolteacher Roger Neilson replaces Red Kelly as Toronto's coach. He inherits a team with three All-Stars—Center Darryl Sittler (38 goals), Right Wing Lanny McDonald (46) and Defenseman Borje Salming (66 assists)—and also gets Right Wing Ron Ellis, a former All-Star, who is coming off his two-year retirement. If Mike Palmateer can provide 60 games of steady goaltending, the Leafs could replace Buffalo in the Ronnie Runner-up league.

CHICAGO also has a new coach, former Los Angeles boss Bob Pulford, but unlike Neilson, Pulford inherits a roster of has-beens and never-wases, all of whom, Pulford discovered, have high-salary, no-cut contracts. Pulford has obtained Wings Battleship Kelly from Pittsburgh and Pierre Plante from St. Louis, and along with Grant Mulvey and Jim Harrison they will do at least some of the boardwork and checking that Pulford demands. Top draft choice Doug Wilson can only bolster a defense that gave Goaltender Tony Esposito fits, not to mention a sunburn from the red light flashing behind him all last season.

MINNESOTA seems to be engaged upon a solid rebuilding program, one that Chicago ought to emulate. Two years ago the North Stars produced Tim Young, and last season they added Glen Sharpley and Swede Roland Eriksson. Now people aren't calling them the No Stars anymore. Young (95 points), Eriksson (69) and Sharpley (57) led the North Stars into the playoffs a year ago, and if No. 1 draft pick Brad Maxwell can steady a shaky defense, they could finish in first place in the Smythe. VANCOUVER may forever rue the day last season when it traded Defenseman Bob Dailey to Philadelphia. The Canucks are loaded with good young forwards, particularly Dennis Ververgaert, Don Lever, Rick Blight and top draft choice Jere Gillis, but new General Manager Jake Milford will have to trade at least one of them in order to correct glaring weaknesses on defense and in goal.

Ralston Purina has bought the hometown ST. LOUIS Blues and renamed the St. Louis Arena The Checkerdome. Unfortunately, the Blues won't do much checking in the Checkerdome—or anywhere else for that matter, certainly not enough to satisfy new Coach Leo Boivin, one of hockey's best checkers during his 18-year playing career.

As always, ATLANTA is waiting for Tom Lysiak (31 goals, 51 assists last season) to provide needed leadership, and now that he has been appointed captain, Lysiak may finally decide to accept such responsibility. Rookie of the Year Willie Plett (33 goals) had a severe case of bigheadedness during the training schedule, so he may be Lysiak's first patient.

Too many ancient and plump players from the old era remain on the roster of the NEW YORK Rangers, and they still have severe goaltending and defense shortcomings. New Coach Jean-Guy Talbot only hopes that rookies Ron Duguay and Lucien DeBlois can approach the success that Don Murdoch enjoyed as a rookie last season—at least on the ice. Murdoch scored 32 goals in 59 games, but two months ago he was charged with possession of cocaine by Canadian customs authorities and faces a postseason trial.

Once again Marcel Dionne (53 goals and 122 points) and Goaltender Rogatien Vachon (2.72 goals-against average) are the aces of the LOS ANGELES Kings. Gary Sargent developed into an outstanding defenseman a year ago, but the Kings now will pay the price for trading away most of their high draft picks the past few years. Johnny Wilson takes his coach's whistle from Colorado to PITTSBURGH, and his main job will be to keep flashy Center Pierre Larouche in good humor. Between suspensions Larouche slipped from 111 points to 63 last year. WASHINGTON Coach Tommy McVie has had little talent to work with in the past, so he may not know how to handle Robert Picard, the third player selected in the entire amateur draft and already the Capitals' best defenseman. Whatever, McVie's team once again will be the best conditioned and the most gung-ho club in the league.

With Goaltender Gilles Meloche and Defensemen Bob Stewart, Greg Smith and Rick Hampton, CLEVELAND still is a team of promise. One hopes the Barons will not have any financial crises in midseason. COLORADO had two strong young forwards last season in temperamental Wilf Paiement (41 goals) and rookie Center Paul Gardner (30), and now the Rockies have added monster Defenseman Barry Beck, an aggressive puck handler whom they picked over Washington's Picard in the amateur draft. DETROIT General Manager Ted Lindsay invited 83 players to training camp, gave them AGGRESSIVE HOCKEY IS BACK IN TOWN T shirts, and said, "You've heard of *Star Wars*, well, this is going to be 'Ice Wars.'" Among the training camp survivors are some of hockey's best hatchet men. Bobby Kromm, Detroit's 11th coach in the last eight years, pleaded for nonviolence when he was at Winnipeg, but now he says, "Courses for horses."

But Montreal has all the horses.

continued

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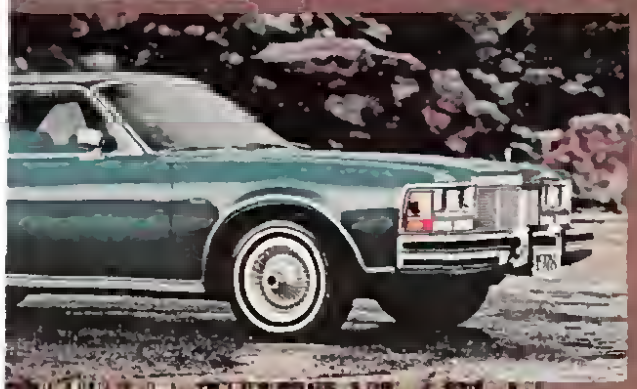


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WHA

Quebec just hopes that it will have a league to play in

Montreal, non. Indianapolis, *oui*. Left at the altar by the NHL, the World Hockey Association starts its sixth season with a Dear John letter, eight teams and Gilles Marotte. For six months the WHA owners promised ticket buyers that merger with the NHL was as certain as snow in Edmonton, that Guy Lafleur of Les Canadiens and Bobby Clarke of the Philadelphia Flyers would be coming to town this season. Then came the bad news: no merger.

So, in quick order, the WHA resurrected the Birmingham and Indianapolis franchises, reseued Edmonton from limbo by promising the Oilers the pick of the player litter from the defunct Calgary, Phoenix and San Diego clubs—and launched what may well be a hopeless struggle for financial survival. In the past 12 months four WHA teams have folded, and the league has lost some $10 million.

Worse, the WHA now has a severe identity crisis. New President Howard Baldwin, the Managing General Partner of the New England Whalers, promised major raids on the NHL's talent pool, but so far the only recognizable names among the jumpers are Garry Inness, who was Philadelphia's third-string goaltender, and the 32-year-old Marotte, a defenseman who last season flunked trials with the New York Rangers and the St. Louis Blues and spent most of his time screening goaltenders in the minor Central League. And the WHA signed only one NHL first-round pick, Houston outbidding St. Louis for Defenseman Scott Campbell at a time when the Blues were on the verge of bankruptcy.

The QUEBEC Nordiques, who won the Avco Cup championship last season by defeating the Winnipeg Jets four games to three, again seem to be the WHA's best team. Scoring champion Real Cloutier (66 goals, 75 assists) rejected overtures from the NHL to remain with the Nordiques, and he combines with Winger Marc Tardif (49 goals, 60 assists) for a potent attack. Coach Marc Boileau has more than enough hatchet men to keep the goons away from Cloutier and Tardif, and the Nordiques' only glaring weakness of recent seasons—lack of a dependable goaltender—seems to have been corrected by the addition of Smokey McLeod from the late Calgary Cowboys.

Stockholm West, a.k.a. the WINNIPEG Jets, returns practically intact, meaning that the Avco final probably will be another Quebec-Winnipeg matchup. Swede Anders Hedberg scored a pro-record 51 goals in his first 49 games last season and finished with 70. Hedberg and Center Ulf Nilsson (85 assists) have made hockey life so easy for linemate Bobby Hull that Hull has forgotten he is 38 years old and starting his 21st pro season. Other key Swedes include Right Wings Willy Lindstrom (44 goals) and Dan Labraaten, Defensemen Lars-Erik Sjoberg and Thommie Bergman and rookie Center Kent Nilsson.

NEW ENGLAND and CINCINNATI are the WHA's two U.S. teams most likely to join the NHL when a merger does occur. The Whalers have added the family Howe—Mom Colleen, Dad Gordie, Sons Mark and Marty—along with Goaltenders Al Smith and Louie Levasseur. Cincinnati had the best group of forwards in the league last season, and now the Stingers have added Boston-born Robbie Ftorek, who was MVP last year when he scored 117 points for the late Phoenix Roadrunners, to the likes of Rick Dudley (41 goals), Dennis Sobchuck (44), Richie Leduc (52) and gunner Blaine Stoughton (52).

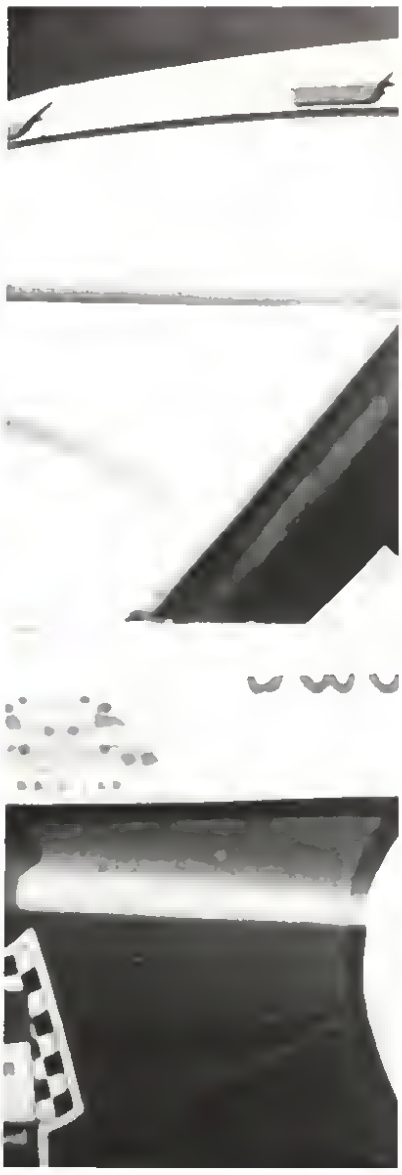
HOUSTON may not miss Colleen, but it will miss the other Howes and also Goaltender Ron Grahame, who defected to the Boston Bruins. EDMONTON spent big bucks



to keep Defenseman Paul Shmyr, obtained from San Diego, away from the NHL's Cleveland Barons and also signed more than a dozen other players left unemployed when their WHA teams collapsed. Trouble is, even Coach Glen Sather will need a scorecard to remember all the new names. BIRMINGHAM signed University of New Hampshire Defenseman Rod Langway, a Montreal draft pick, and underage Junior Center Ken Linesman from Kingston, Ontario. But the Bulls will still depend on 20-year-old Mark Napier, who had 60 goals last season, and Goaltender John Garrett. INDIANAPOLIS is reject city, saddled with all the players that none of the other teams wanted.

Will the WHA survive? "It looks bad," says Quebec's Tardif. "It looks good," says Baldwin. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HURT WHITEHEAD III



IF YOU CAN'T PROVE IT YOU AIN'T IT

Stock-car driver Darrell Waltrip has never been shy about telling people how good he is, and now he has the superspeedway wins to back him up

by SAM MOSES

Darrell Waltrip has been NASCAR's most conspicuous young lion for five years now, a situation that raises a few questions about both Waltrip and stock-car racing. The most obvious, of course, is just how long can a racer qualify as a "young" lion? After all, shouldn't five years and 123 Grand National races qualify him more as a middle-aged lion, even if he is only 30? Why hasn't a new young lion come along and replaced him? Where are the new young lions of stock-car racing?

The answer to all those questions lies in the fact that stock-car racing is a sport in which experience counts at least as much as talent. Look at the ages of the masters: Richard Petty, 40, David Pearson, 42; Bobby Allison, 39, Cale Yarborough, 38. Young lions don't come along every day, and when they do they usually don't last long. They come with dreams in their heads and leave with their IOUs in a lot of other pockets. Making it to young lionhood is easy; the hard part is going on.

"If a young driver is fast and brave and ambitious, he can make some quick progress in other types of racing," says Waltrip. "It just ain't that way in NASCAR. When I got into this thing, I made up my mind to ride the tide no matter what happened. For a few years it's nothing but hard work; the money's not there, the glamour's not there, and glory's not there." He drops his head and rubs the back of his neck. "This NASCAR racing is tough. I guess it's the toughest racing there is."

Waltrip drives for the Digard/Gator-



Waltrip is reaching for the top with some help from Gatorade in the pits and in picking up the bills

ade team. He finished eighth in the point standings last year and won $191,501, about *$40,000* of which he got to keep. He currently stands fourth in the 1977 points championship, and has won $205,193 in 25 races this year. His wins in Nashville, Darlington, Talladega, Michigan and North Wilkesboro are two more than his total number of victories before this year, and have led to an invitation to participate in the International Race of Champions series.

Waltrip first gained renown as a 25-year-old rookie in the 1972 Talladega 500 when, driving in only his fourth Grand National event, he led for seven laps. Then his engine blew. No one could recall a rookie leading a superspeedway race before. It took Waltrip three more years and 49 races to win his first NASCAR race on the five-eighths-mile oval at Nashville, his home track. It was a full-fledged Grand National, but "short tracks" carry less prestige and attract less attention than superspeedways despite the fact that a driver really has to work for his success on the tight ovals.

"Superspeedways—that's the important thing," Waltrip said, looking back on that win. "Major races—500-mile races. There have been some good race drivers who never won on a superspeedway. I certainly don't want that to happen to me. And I'm not talking about winning when everyone falls out. I'm talking about winning with guys like Petty second, Pearson third. Then you've won yourself a race."

About two years later Waltrip won himself a race. It was his first 500-mile

continued



Stevie charts her husband's progress for his crew

victory, and it came at Darlington, the original superspeedway, a difficult 1.366-mile lopsided oval. If a driver can win at Darlington, he can win anywhere, it is often said. With six laps remaining in the Rebel 500, Waltrip was running up front in heavy company. Allison and Pearson just in front of him, Petty on his tail. As they drafted one another through Turn Two, there was a messy crash in Turn Four. The pit crews shouted warnings over the radios before the four drivers even saw the oily smoke. Pearson immediately lifted his foot, but Waltrip didn't; he realized the crash would effectively end the race because a yellow flag would be called and the clean-up crews couldn't possibly finish the job before the 500 miles had been run. This was suddenly the last lap. Petty saw the same opportunity. Both drivers blew past Pearson on the backstretch and headed full bore toward the thick of the trouble. As they reached the turn, Waltrip dived down across the track below Allison and squeezed through a hole; Allison stayed high, so close to the wall he scraped it. They split the wreckage while Petty followed Waltrip through the fourth turn. Waltrip beat Allison and Petty to the starting line by feet, and thus the other drivers, prevented by the rules from passing so long as the yellow caution flag stayed out, paraded behind Waltrip's Chevy for the remaining five laps. The hungry young lion had charged.

A month later Waltrip won the Winston 500 at Talladega in a similar manner, only without the confusion. On the last lap he fought off Yarborough, Benny Parsons and Donnie Allison. "There I was, out front with them three breathing down my collar," he says. "But when the four of us came down to the finish line, the kid came out first. I snookered 'em at Darlington, but I didn't snooker 'em at Talladega, I just outrun 'em."

Three days after the race Governor Ray B. Blanton proclaimed Darrell Waltrip Week in Tennessee. Waltrip grew up in Owensboro, Ky. but in 1970 moved to Franklin, Tenn., a suburb of Nashville, where he now lives with his wife Stevie, who has just received her B.S. in special education from Peabody University and expects soon to be teaching the visually handicapped.

Waltrip is at the head of a very short line to become the next superstar of stock-car racing and he is in a hurry. "I want to set some records," he says. "That's why I'd like to win some more races before those guys retire. Then people won't be able to say I couldn't beat 'em." On one hand, he wants to beat the superstars before they go, on the other, he wants them to go so he can be king sooner.

"All it will take to retire a Pearson or even a Petty is a couple of bad years," he says. "Or maybe even one bad year. I can't see them hanging around and enduring a loss of prestige. I think racing dictates that, at their age, you've got to win or you've got to get out, and they should know when it's time to get out."

Waltrip wouldn't miss them all that much. For one thing, he wouldn't be asked constantly, "How come you don't beat those guys?" Waltrip hates that question; it's hard on his ego.

"You can tell everyone in the world you're the smartest and the fastest, but they ain't gonna believe you unless you can prove it," says Waltrip. It is a dilemma that frustrates him, because Waltrip figures he is the smartest and the fastest driver going, but he still hasn't proved it. He has a lot of faith in himself, so much so that he also seems to recognize that unless you can prove it, chances are you ain't it.

In 1973 Lennie Pond edged Waltrip for Rookie of the Year, and Waltrip felt robbed. "I would have liked to get Rookie of the Year," he says. "It would have been another thorn in my crown." (Waltrip frequently confuses things like thorns

continued



This season Waltrip has won by "snookering" and by just plain standing on his Chevy's gas pedal

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and crowns with feathers and caps. There's no telling what an eager psychiatrist might do with that particular malapropism.) "NASCAR gave it to Lennie because he was a good boy and I was 'outspoken.' "

NASCAR officials still think of Waltrip as outspoken, and some of the other drivers think he is cocky. But it's the same thing; they just have different words for it. Waltrip thinks he's misunderstood.

"I've never said anything about myself or anybody else that I didn't think was true," he says. "I just say things everybody else knows but won't say. My 'cockiness' is just that I won't deny things everybody knows."

The crux, of course, is whether what Waltrip says *is* what everyone else knows. Still, his candor is needed around stock-car racing, whether NASCAR welcomes it or not. One of the biggest reasons it takes so long to make it in Grand National racing is that NASCAR makes young drivers pay their dues. Officials deliberately make it rough on newcomers—but they try to stop short of making it so rough that newcomers don't come back. The means are many. Most apparent is NASCAR's technical inspection system: you can't race unless you have a legal car, and what constitutes "legal" is at the sole discretion of NASCAR. Consequently, NASCAR can keep its drivers in line by inconsistent enforcement of rules that are subject to interpretation. And the rulebook is notoriously vague, which makes for a lot of judgment calls, many of which go against young drivers. Particularly, an outspoken young driver. More subtly, NASCAR also has a powerful influence over sponsors, the sugar daddies of all racers, but especially of young ones with reputations still to be made. The initiation rite is tough, and when NASCAR sees a driver has the talent to be around a few years, it can just about make sure he has the "right" attitude. "Darrell's problem is he just doesn't know his place," says a man close to NASCAR officialdom.

"They want to put a little fear in the new guy," says Waltrip. "It's like prison when you stop bucking the system, they ease up. Pretty soon they let you get away with candy in your cell. But it's always their ball game. They only ease up when they want to. If you play by their rules and do everything the way they want you to, you'll never be in trouble."

Waltrip has the system pegged perfectly, and he is one of the few drivers who have called it. Says NASCAR's competition director, Bill Gazaway, a man Waltrip irreverently calls the Great White Father of the Garage, "I'm jes' as nice to these boys as they'll let me be."

However despotic the system may seem, one thing cannot be argued: it works. NASCAR racing is the most competitive—i.e., exciting—automobile racing in the world. When a race has 63 lead changes, as did the Winston 500 won by Waltrip in May, and a multi-car sprint to the finish line on the final lap, as happens more often than not in NASCAR races, the lack of democracy in the ranks somehow seems validated.

"What I dislike is that so much is based on politics," says Waltrip. "But they're getting easier on me now, and I'm getting to dislike the system less and less now that I seem to be over the hump. I may not be showing it right now, but one thing I've learned is how to talk elusive."

The man who helped teach Waltrip how to "talk elusive," among other things, is J. C. Elder, Waltrip's first Grand National crew chief, now crew chief for Benny Parsons. He says, "I understand Darrell, because I'm high-strung like him. I knew how to approach him; I knew how to work him, which is like a racehorse.

"First race I took him to was Atlanta, only his second ever. He hadn't never even been to Atlanta. He didn't know how rough that place is. He said to me, 'This is gonna be fun,' and I told him, 'You run 500 miles first, and then you tell me how much fun it is.' The kid finished eighth, which was damn terrific for his second Grand National race."

"J.C. taught me pretty much everything I know about the game," says Waltrip. "He taught me about the racetracks, taught me how to wheel and deal with promoters, taught me how to cheat, which of course you have to do to stay competitive and everyone knows it. I was really fortunate to be able to take advantage of his knowledge. He was one of the reasons I was as successful as I was early on. He kept me from getting messed up. A lot of young drivers come to a superspeedway and are lost. They can't handle it. They don't know anything about setting a car up one way for qualifying and another way for racing. If you've never been there before, if you haven't got an experienced crew, it's so confusing, no way you can keep up. You end up driving so slow no one knows you're there, or end up in a wreck. But if you got a guy like J.C. telling you what's going on and bragging you up to people, you got an ace in the hole. Things progressed probably three times faster for me because of him."

Not many people understand Waltrip the way Elder does. Waltrip is not easy to work with because he is extremely sensitive about looking bad through no fault of his own. It is a trait that causes him as much grief as his outspokenness. As one might imagine, such treatment doesn't settle easily with a crew. It's a classic case of an intense performer demanding a lot from himself and as much from those he works with. Those who understand that like Waltrip; those who don't understand don't like him.

"People point the accusing finger at the driver," Waltrip says. "He's the one who's supposed to have it together. You hate it when your efforts are tarnished because someone lets you down. I hate being handicapped by other people."

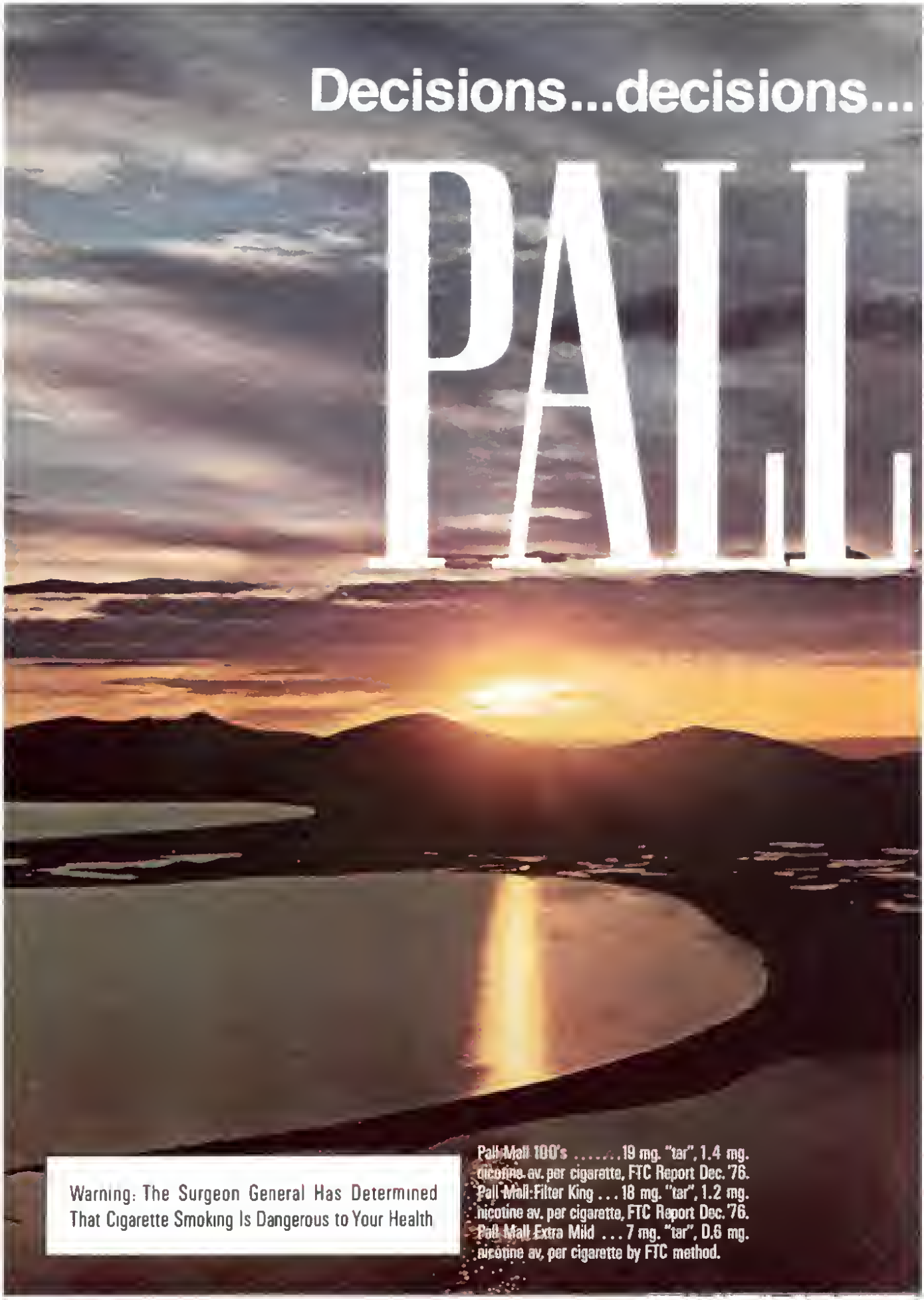
The Digard team has a reputation for going through employees faster than any other team on the NASCAR circuit. Last year Waltrip publicly criticized his crew chief, Mario Rossi, and eventually got him fired. The man who replaced him, David Ifft, quit two days after Waltrip won at Talladega in May. Ifft's replacement, ex-driver Darel Dieringer, lasted three months. The current crew chief is Buddy Parrot.

Ifft, the best and longest-lasting—and, at 28, the youngest—of the bunch, did not quit because Waltrip is difficult, however. Ifft quit primarily because the pace and the pressure of the Digard team were something he could live without. Ifft is basically a country boy. He is now crew chief for 38-year-old rookie Sam Sommers and lives in the Georgia countryside near Savannah, in a house with a chicken under the porch. He also has a smile on his face a lot more often than he used to.

"Darrell's the next superspeedway star no matter what," says Ifft. "I never seen anyone with so much determination to win, and I've worked for guys like Bobby Allison, Buddy Baker, Parnelli Jones and Peter Revson. Darrell will step on anybody to win—and, don't get me wrong, I think that's good, at least in this

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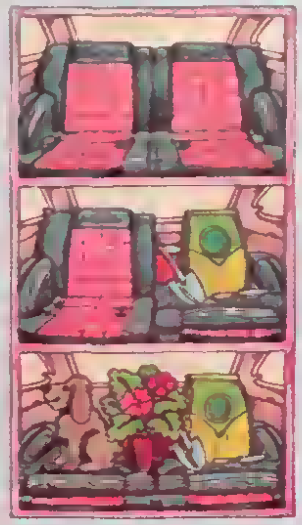
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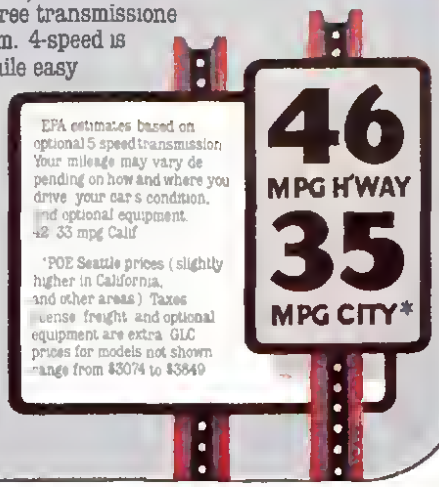
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game. He's a hot son of a gun when he loses, but if he ever stops squawking, you know he's not trying to win anymore."

"He's got a light temper, all right—like me," says Elder. "He wants to run in the front bad, but Darrell don't quite always understand the circumstances why he's not running in front. That's when he flies off the handle and throws those temper tantrums."

"I don't call them temper tantrums," says Waltrip, smiling if not laughing at himself. "I just call them getting your stuff together, trying to make it right when someone screws up. That's all some people understand. You got to get mad with some people, yell and scream at them to get things right, threaten to kill them. I think the crew really appreciates me getting on them to an extent. I think if we had a bad day in the pit and I got out of the car and didn't get on them, they'd be disappointed. They all know I only want what's best for them and myself. They know when I do good it makes *them* look better."

After Waltrip's victories at Darlington and Talladega he gained respect for his crew, but he wants those superspeedway records bad and he fears that his team might not be able to deliver them for him on a regular basis. "If you check, almost all the big races won by inexperienced crews have been flukes," says Waltrip.

The Wood brothers, who prepare David Pearson's Mercury, are almost unanimously regarded as the shrewdest and best crew in the business; their record, especially on superspeedways, confirms this. There isn't much a young driver wouldn't do for Pearson's ride, including Waltrip. In fact, when Digard offered him his present ride in 1975, Waltrip thought twice before accepting it, even though he was an independent and was having financial problems at the time. If he did take the job, Waltrip knew he would be putting himself out of the market for a hoped-for Wood brothers offer, a hope so strong it defied reality, because Pearson was—and still is—going strong. "I know the Wood brothers think the world of David," says Waltrip, "but if he can't win, he'll be gone." And Waltrip will be right there knocking on their door.

Waltrip's criticism of his crew may have more far-reaching effects than he might imagine. "Darrell broke one of the cardinal rules of stock-car racing last year when he publicly bad-mouthed Rossi, whether Rossi deserved it or not," notes a tracksider. "He'll never drive for the Wood brothers because of that. The Woods don't say much about that sort of thing, but you can bet they're watching."

"Nah, that ain't true," says Ifft. "Them guys is really only interested in money. Darrell's at the head of the line to drive for the Wood brothers or the Pettys or anybody because they know he's the best one to win races for them. As long as he's winning races they don't care about his mouth. It's like A. J. Foyt. Some people don't like him because he's so mouthy, but if he walked through the pits looking for a ride, they'd fall all over themselves to give it to him."

Should Waltrip never set foot inside a Wood brothers car, it certainly won't be for lack of ability—especially on the superspeedways. But some doubts remain. "I got a lot of respect for Darrell," says Elder. "But any race driver, I don't care how good he is, if he ain't got everything working for him, he's just an average driver. Darrell can run with anybody right now, but he's still missing that special . . . I just don't know what it is you call it."

Some people suggest it's been too easy for Waltrip, because he has a wealthy father-in-law as a sponsor to help him through the hard times, but there is one man who may have a special understanding of exactly where Waltrip is. He is Neil Bonnet, 31, who may be playing David Pearson to Waltrip's Richard Petty in a few years. In fact, Bonnet may be the man to take over Pearson's ride in the Wood brothers' car. He already has driven for Pearson in relief, and like Pearson he is becoming gray. Bonnet has not made it into the Grand National ranks with family money, but he had something just as valuable: a good mentor in Bobby Allison. Says Bonnet, "In 1967 when I began racing I couldn't have planned a 10-year program to put me anywhere else but where I am—and I've only won one Grand National race, and that was this year. Two or three years ago I was saying, 'I'm ready, I'm ready,' but I wasn't. I learn something every race, every time I come to the racetrack."

A man once said something about cockfighting that could be applied to Grand National stock-car racing as well: "It don't take but a lifetime to learn." Which is something Darrell Waltrip has learned as well as anyone. **END**



MOVIES

by ANITA VERSCHOTH



IN ITS WAY A GREAT LEAP FORWARD

There is one problem with a ski film festival: the movies are all too predictable. They offer the inevitable scenes of skiers skiing and skiers falling down. There is sure to be endless footage of freestylers flying through the air to an appropriate pop score. You can count on gorgeous backgrounds, cute kids and the standard après-ski disco number. If the sponsor of the film is an airline, which is often the case, there will be the obligatory shot of a well-labeled plane landing near a ski area. There was all of this at the fourth annual International Ski Film Festival in New York City last month, but there also was one surprise. Of the 26 films entered in four categories (racing, instruction, specials and resorts), one movie so escaped the stereotype that it could well make it on its own outside the genre.

The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner is the first ski movie ever made by Werner Herzog, a young Munich director whose avant-garde films on such subjects as madness, the blind and dwarfs are gaining worldwide notice. *The Great Ecstasy*, which came in third in its category in the film festival but won a special merit award, focuses on Walter Steiner, a Swiss wood-carver who is the world's best ski flyer. There are few competitors in the sport—a perilous extension of ski jumping—and even fewer locales for its practice—a total of five ski-flying set-ups in the world. The hills range as high as 160 meters (525 feet). Steiner's speed through the air usually reaches 90 mph and, at his best, he soars some 170 meters, often leaving most of his competitors 30 meters behind.

But his ecstasy is also his torment: he almost flies too far, making hazardous landings on the flat ground, instead of on the slope. Steiner says he takes this risk because the desire to fly is compelling. As a schoolboy he dreamt that he could soar over his village of Wildhaus. Ski flying has become an obsession with him, and bloodthirsty crowds that seem to demand records or death make him take even greater chances. "I feel as if I am in an arena and 50,000 wait to see me crash," he says.

One day Steiner flies farther than any man—177 meters—and crashes. His face is lacerated and he is in shock. For hours he is unable to remember his flight. Then he makes another jump; otherwise, he says, he would never be able to do it again. And he tells a story of a raven he raised as a boy. The bird had lost its feathers and could not fly. "I had to shoot it," Steiner says, "because it was too hard to watch it being tortured by other ravens, its own brothers." The analogy seems apt. "I should really be all alone in the world," he says at the end of the film. "I, Steiner, and nobody else."

Two years after the film was shot Steiner found he had plenty of company. In the more conventional sport of ski jumping, he finished ninth in both the 70-meter and 90-meter events at the 1976 Innsbruck Olympics.

Sober and thoughtful treatments like Herzog's do not fit the image of a happy skiing scene, but the festival did include the usual abundance of fluffy entertainment reels that do. The best among these was another Munich entry, a spoof called *A Family Trophy*, featuring the brothers Fuzzy, Ernst and Franz Garhammer and their 15-year-old sister Hedy, all of whom have won top prizes in European freestyle competitions. There is a lot of romping about on steep chutes, a slapstick number in which Fuzzy and Ernst do Telemark turns and flips on ancient skis, even a chase scene in which the three brothers, looking like a caterpillar on a single pair of skis, chase after Hedy. It is such a joyful movie, with so many spontaneous turns, that the four seem to have dropped the script somewhere in a snowbank. "We just made things up as we went along," admitted Ernst. And the judges and those in attendance did not seem to mind.

Perhaps the reason the Garhammers did not take the Silver Ski Award back to Munich was that the all-American panel of judges felt more at home with a pretty, but standard, resort film titled *Color It White and Call It Stowe*. It portrays the splendor of a Vermont winter scene, with a bell ringing in the church steeple, mugs of soup served by the fire and more powder snow than anyone can remember encountering at Stowe. As the narrator says, Stowe is a very nice place with very nice people. And, at least this year, very nice was good enough for the most prestigious award at the International Ski Film Festival. **END**



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MG 67

Two Fingers: Man or myth? His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind—Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor"—the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she would say "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.



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Alabama stole the show

Closing seconds. USC scores and needs a two-point conversion for the win. Everything is going according to a time-honored script, but the Trojan line blows it

It seems as if over the years USC has had a patent on last-second, come-from-behind, frighten-the-bejeezus-out-of-its-fans sorcery. Given that fact, coupled with the proximity of the Trojan campus to Hollywood, the assumption may be made that football game plans are prepared by the school's cinema department, not the coaching staff.

The plot line goes back at least to the Howard Jones era, to 1931, when John Baker kicked a nick-of-time field goal to beat Notre Dame 16–14. But more recently the script has usually called for a handsome leading man of a quarterback to fling a desperation pass to some whippet of a receiver in the end zone just before the director yells, "Cut!" In this manner USC has won numerous national titles, Rose Bowls and almost as much TV exposure as Paul Lynde.

So, predictably, there the Trojans were last Saturday afternoon in the Los Angeles Coliseum trailing Alabama by one point with 35 seconds to go. Perfect. They had just driven to a touchdown and were going to try for a two-point conversion. (A school with such ride-to-the-rescue alumni as John Wayne, Ward Bond and that fellow in the Hertz commercials would go for a tie?) All USC Quarterback Rob Hertel had to do was throw for the two points and race to the sideline to kiss either a pompon girl or the Trojan horse.

Hertel took the snap, rolled to his right for the expected play-action pass but managed only a feeble toss (which was intercepted) as he was being buried under an Alabama sophomore named Wayne Hamilton, who had blasted by two blockers. The Crimson Tide ran out the clock to win 21–20, knock USC off its No. 1 perch in both wire-service polls and snip the Trojans' win streak at 15.

While USC was staging a comeback behind Hertel, who completed 16 of 23 passes for 230 yards in the second half, Hamilton was making a comeback of his own. Recently he had found himself in Coach Bear Bryant's doghouse, which has often operated at capacity in the Bear's 20 seasons at Tuscaloosa. "I just wasn't playing up to the potential he feels I have, I guess," said Hamilton. "I didn't start against Vanderbilt after being the regular defensive end in the opener against Ole Miss and the next week against Nebraska. After he told me I wasn't starting, I just did a little soul-searching and decided I didn't want any of that sitting on the bench and not playing a lot." A star was reborn.

In an 18–10 Alabama victory over Southeastern Conference rival Georgia, Hamilton recovered two fumbles in the third period. On Saturday he was a key man in a dazzlingly quick defensive line that blunted USC's usually sharp running attack. A back probably would have to be part cheetah to get away consistently from the likes of Hamilton, Linebackers Barry Krauss and Rickey Gilliland and Tackle David Hannah.

Unlike the Civil War and Texas-Oklahoma, the Alabama-USC rivalry, which concludes next September in Birmingham, seems to ooze mutual respect, mutual admiration and a mutual attitude of "Let's not get those people annoyed or they'll rise up on their hoary traditions and smite us." Bryant is now 2–1 versus USC. The Tide, going all the way back to the 1938 season opener, is 4–1 against Southern Cal.

"I feel honored having the opportunity to play the No. 1-ranked team in the country, although we're certainly not as healthy as I would like for us to be," drawled Bryant before the game, communicating as usual in a mumble that sounds as though a coffee can full of rocks is being shaken. "USC looks like one of

continued



Tony Nathan's two fourth-quarter touchdowns helped Bama put the game out of reach—just barely

the great teams I've seen. Someone asked me what's their strong point and I said, 'You name it.' I'd rather play the No. 1 team than the 101st, though."

USC's John Robinson, who has been a head coach 31 fewer seasons than Bryant, was not to be outdone in slathering his rival with praise. "It's exciting as heck for us to play Alabama," he said. "It's like our game with Notre Dame—a meeting of two schools with a lot of football tradition. Coach Bryant is one of the great men in football, and I'd like him to come out and talk with our kids."

In the opening scene it appeared that USC would move through Alabama routinely—Hertel hurling the ball, Fullback Mosi Tatupu bursting up the middle and Charles White rolling up the yardage that seems to be the divine right of Trojan tailbacks. But when the drive stalled on the 'Bama 15, USC had to settle for a 32-yard field goal by Frank Jordan and a 3–0 lead.

On 'Bama's second offensive series, USC got hit with a roughing-the-kicker penalty, the first of 10 misdemeanors and felonies that were to cost the Trojans 124 yards. There were face-mask grabbings, delays of game, personal fouls, holding, illegal procedure and probably jaywalking and illegal left turns. If a sin was described in the rule book, USC seemed to have put it in its playbook.

For its part, Alabama showed a strong fullback, Johnny Davis, known as "The Bull" to his teammates; Punt Returner Ozzie Newsome, who also is a fine split end; and a tough offensive line. The Tide played USC even for the rest of the half and likely would have tied the score in the second quarter, but Roger Chapman's 34-yard field-goal attempt was blocked by Defensive Back Larry Braziel.

In the third quarter, USC almost got itself buried by falling hankies. A personal foul helped mess up the Trojans' first possession, a face-mask penalty aided a 'Bama drive of 51 yards in seven plays, which culminated with Davis going two yards for a TD. Chapman kicked the extra point, and the Trojans trailed for the first time this season 7–3.

USC then marched 79 yards to the Alabama one. Third down and inches to go for a touchdown. Reserve Tailback Dwight Ford took a pitchout left and was nailed for a five-yard loss. USC again settled for a Jordan field goal and still trailed, 7–6. Another 'Bama drive, helped by another USC personal foul, ended with Halfback Tony Nathan charging in from the one; Chapman's kick made it 14–6. Fifty-eight seconds later Nathan scored again, the TD set up when Nose Guard Curtis McGriff tipped a Hertel pass and Hamilton intercepted it at the USC eight. The PAT made it Alabama 21–6.

At that moment, Bryant admitted later, he thought USC was "completely beaten."

Hertel, who waited through four seasons to be the starting Trojan quarterback, thought differently. So did Split End Randy Simmrin, who, Robinson says, "can grab the ball over the middle, come back for it, dive like hell to get it, go up in the air for it and, more than that, he can catch it and run with it like a back."

On a drive starting on the USC nine, Hertel picked the 'Bama secondary to pieces: 12 yards to Lynn Cain, 12 yards to Simmrin, 12 yards to Howard Studdard. He completed six of eight passes, the last a 10-yard TD play to Flanker Calvin Sweeney.

USC went for the two points. Hertel was tackled and falling, but he threw sidearm to Tatupu, who ducked under a tackler and went in for the score. Alabama 21, USC 14.

The Trojan defense stopped Alabama's wishbone on the next series and Hertel, starting from his 21, completed five of eight passes until, with 44 seconds left in the game, USC had a third down on the Alabama nine. Hertel threw to Simmrin in the end zone, but the ball was tipped away. Then USC got a break from the officials. Don McNeal was called for interfering with Simmrin even though he appeared to have pushed him after the ball was tipped. USC had first-and-goal on the one and Cain scored, cutting 'Bama's margin to one point and setting up Hamilton's sack of Hertel on the crucial conversion try.

"I'm very proud of 'em," Bryant mumbled about his young team that has lost only to Nebraska, 31–24, this season. "I think it was a great thing for our conference and our section. I think everyone played as hard as he could and, uh, the whole thing was a team victory. But I want to tell you also, we got a little help from upstairs there at the last.

"It was actually three different games. One, a kind of cheek-to-cheek, jaw-to-jaw game. And then there was a game that we came back in and dominated. Finally, there was a game that they came back in and dominated and almost won. We are real lucky to get out of it, under the circumstances."

"I have never seen a team that I thought was completely beaten, then in the fourth quarter come back so strong. I have to compliment Coach Robinson and his staff and his players. They got some kind of quarterback."

"It seemed to me we were out of rhythm most of the day," said Robinson. "Maybe our biorhythms were out of synch. The passes in the first half were just off the receivers' fingertips and just missed . . ."

As for playing it safe at the end—perish the thought.

"I couldn't come in here and look my team in the face after going for a tie," Robinson said. "There's just no way—it's impossible. You play to win the game. That's the only way. The kids play too hard out there and they don't play to tie."

"I was very impressed with their defense and their team. It's a privilege to play Alabama. They have a great history, a great team and a great university, and, my God, that was a great show out there today."

That it was. But for USC fans, it was a little like watching John Wayne gun down all the assistant baddies, step out on Main Street to dispatch the archvillain and then have his six-gun stick in its holster. It wasn't the happy ending they expected. **END**

THE WEEK

by RON REID

MIDWEST Critics who have been putting down the Big Ten as the "Big Two-Little Eight" better take a closer look at Wisconsin. With its 26–0 rout of Illinois, the Badgers now have a 5–0 record, a six-game win streak and the Big Ten lead. All of which may force Coach John Jardine to make a big decision this week as the Badgers prepare to meet Michigan in Ann Arbor, the chief engineer of Wisconsin's rout of the Illini was reserve Quarterback Charles Green.

Starting Quarterback Anthony Dudley sat out the Illini game with a sore back, but Green, who was so nervous about his promotion that he couldn't get to sleep until 3:30 a.m. Saturday, completed nine of his first 10 passes and finished with 11 out of 16 attempts

continued

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THE PLYMOUTH ARROWS FOR '78

for 148 yards and a touchdown. He also scored on a 12-yard run. Wisconsin finished with a 432–78 edge in yards gained, a 28–6 advantage in first downs and its first conference shutout win since 1966. The Badger defense, which has given up but 34 points this season, forced four turnovers and did not allow a first down until the third quarter.

At East Lansing, 78,183 in the stands and 637 in the press box witnessed the 70th meeting—and 30th sellout—between Michigan and Michigan State, which was marked by gusty winds and a third-quarter downpour. Michigan reigned at the same time, winning 24–14, its eighth straight in the intrastate rivalry.

Quarterback Rick Leach threw for one touchdown and ran for another as the third-ranked Wolverines rushed for 309 yards. Michigan's Harlan Huckleby was the game's leading ground gainer with 146 yards—and no fumbles—on 31 carries. The defeat was Michigan State's third and a costly one for Coach Darryl Rogers, who lost Middle Guard Kim Rowekamp to a knee injury, possibly for the rest of the season.

Ohio State scored more points in the first quarter than it has in any other game in Woody Hayes' tenure en route to a 46–0 defeat of Purdue. The fourth-ranked Buckeyes tallied on their first three possessions—counting a 65-yard touchdown interception return by Mike Guess—and wound up with a 29–0 lead at the end of the first 15 minutes.

Purdue freshman Quarterback Mark Herrmann, who had completed at least 20 passes in each of his previous games, finished with 11 of 21 for 117 yards and two interceptions.

Guess' interception, which came on Purdue's fifth play from scrimmage, was a stunner, but Columbus fans may have been almost as shocked when the Buckeyes' first offensive play was a 46-yard pass from Rod Gerald to Herman Jones. "I thank Woody for keeping the score down," said Purdue Coach Jim Young. "Believe me, it could have been much higher."

"I've never seen a team do a better job against a great passer," Hayes agreed, "and I can't remember when we put it all together offensively and defensively against a team as good as Purdue."

Hayes rested injured Tailback Jeff Logan, Center Tim Vogler and Defensive Tackle Ed Beamon, and if Buckeye opponents need another statistic to disturb them, Ohio State gained 391 yards rushing and 106 passing, with only two seniors—Jim Harrell and Herman Jones—contributing. Harrell had a 36-yard pass reception, Jones a 45-yarder.

For the first time in 14 years Iowa beat Minnesota in Iowa City as sophomore Dave Holsclaw kicked four field goals in the 18–6 triumph, despite a swirling 25-mph wind.

Indiana spoiled winless Northwestern a first-quarter field goal before rebounding for a 28–3 victory.

By most standards, Colorado's 196-pound James Mayberry is a smallish fullback, but against Oklahoma State he outgained Heisman candidate Terry Miller in the Buffaloes' 29–13 triumph. Miller, the nation's leading rusher, exceeded the 100-yard mark for the 13th straight game and finished with 139 yards in 25 carries, including a dazzling 78-yard touchdown run. But Mayberry, breaking, carrying and bowling over tacklers on traps through the middle, amassed 250 yards on 24 carries.

"I feel like I proved there is somebody else in the Big Eight besides Terry Miller," Mayberry said. "I have no voting status on the Heisman, but I feel like they know who I am."

The sixth-ranked Buffaloes, who scored twice in the final 43 seconds of last year's game, bettered that performance by scoring twice in the final 33 seconds on Saturday.

I. M. Hipp continued to be the punster's delight and the defense's nemesis as he rushed for 207 yards and two touchdowns while leading ninth-ranked Nebraska to a 26–9 conquest of Kansas State. Hipp's 23 carries included touchdown runs of 66 and 82 yards. However, Kansas State wasn't out of contention until the final quarter, when the Cornhuskers scored a field goal following a pass interception.

Iowa State blanked Missouri 7–0, Kent State topped Western Michigan 20–16, and Miami of Ohio beat Marshall 29–19.

1. MICHIGAN (5–0)
2. OKLAHOMA (4–1) 3. OHIO STATE (4–1)

SOUTH

Proving its victory over Penn State was no fluke, Kentucky opened its Southeastern Conference season by hammering Mississippi State 23–7. The win gave Kentucky a 4–1 record, which is the Wildcats' best start since 1950, when the head coach was a young fellow named Bear Bryant.

As he did against the Nittany Lions, Wildcat Quarterback Derrick Ramsey repeatedly stung the Bulldogs with first-down passes. He also scored on a three-yard run to give the Wildcats a 17–0 halftime lead. All told, Ramsey connected on nine of 17 passes for 138 yards, including a six-yard touchdown toss to Dave Trosper.

For its part, the Wildcat defense held State to 185 yards total offense.

Emulating older brother Garo, Berj Yepremian kicked a 28-yard field goal with 86 seconds left, enabling Florida to tie 15th-ranked Pitt 17–17. The game was marred by 10 lost fumbles (six by Pitt) and marked by the return of Panther Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, who played with a "soft" cast on his left wrist, which was broken in the Notre Dame game. Cavanaugh was responsible for three of those fumbles but led Pitt to two touchdowns, including one he scored on a three-yard plunge. The Gator defense scored both Florida's TDs, one with a forced fumble, one with a blocked punt.

Pepper Rodgers celebrated his 46th birthday with a 24–8 defeat of Tennessee at Knoxville. It was Georgia Tech's first triumph over the Vols since 1966, the year Bobby Dodd (*see page 117*) retired as head coach, and the Yellow Jackets accomplished it without throwing a single pass.

In defense of his all-out ground attack, Rodgers said, "If I were coaching the Atlanta Falcons with Steve Bartkowski at quarterback and didn't throw a pass, I'd be pretty stupid. But if I threw 25 times a game with our quarterback [Gary Lanier], I'd be stupid, too." Tech held the Vols without a first down through the first 29 minutes and set up two touchdowns following fumble recoveries and scored another on a pass interception.

If it is possible to bemoan a victory, Coach Bo Rein of North Carolina State did just that after a 17–15 defeat of Auburn. "We thought we could prove a lot by coming down here and having a great win," he said. "As it is we won, but we didn't prove much." N.C. State (5–1) averaged 457 yards and 28 points per game going into the game, but finished with 338 yards and scored only after Auburn lost a fumble on its four-yard line and had a punt blocked on its 36.

"We took advantage of weaker outside coverage on the short side, made a couple of alterations in blocking, gave the ball to Charles Alexander and watched him run," said Coach Charlie McClendon, explaining the strategy change that brought LSU from a 15–0 deficit to a 28–15 win over Vanderbilt. Alexander rushed for 183 yards and three touchdowns.

Ole Miss' upset of Notre Dame obviously was an ill omen. Since that happy Saturday the Rebels have lost three straight by a total of 15 points, most recently a 14–13 game to Georgia in Athens. The Rebels did all their scoring in the last quarter but fell short when a two-point conversion attempt failed.

Duke rallied for 22 points in the second half to beat South Carolina 25–21, as sophomore Fullback Ned Gonet rushed for 110 yards (and two touchdowns) on 19 carries. Senior Defensive Back Earl Cook scored the Blue Devils' winning touchdown on a 30-yard pass interception return with 4:45 left in the game. The pass Cook intercepted was thrown by Ron Bass, his high school teammate in Alexandria, Va.

After three straight losses, Maryland got untracked to beat Syracuse 24–10, substitute Quarterback Larry Dick leading the Terps to 17 points in the second half after Mark Manges fractured his right hand. Clemson hammered Virginia 31–0, Miami edged Kansas 14–7, North Carolina beat Wake Forest 24–3, and Tennessee State (6–0) defeated Grambling (3–1) 26–8.

1. ALABAMA (4–1)
2. KENTUCKY (4–1) 3. N.C. STATE (5–1)

continued

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EAST Through a rain-soaked first half in University Park, Pa., Penn State pelted Utah State with a downpour of impressive statistics. The 10th-ranked Nittany Lions ran 46 plays to the Aggies' 18, outgained them 245 yards to 86 and controlled the ball for 20 minutes and 22 seconds. But Utah State led 7–6.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Colorado Fullback James Mayberry, a 5′ 11″, 196-pound junior, rushed for 250 yards on 24 carries to lead the Buffaloes over Oklahoma State, 29–13. Mayberry's yardage total was third best in Buff history.

DEFENSE: Alabama Defensive End Wayne Hamilton, a 6′ 5″, 228-pound sophomore, made 11 tackles and harried Rob Hertel into throwing away a two-point conversion pass attempt in 'Bama's 21–20 upset of USC.

The Lions finally salvaged a 16–7 victory from their excellence with the help of Defensive Tackle Bruce Clark, a 240-pound sophomore, who forced two late turnovers. Penn State hadn't been able to force a turnover in 11 previous quarters. Clark's first came on the opening play of the last period, when his devastating tackle of Running Back Tony Gipson popped the ball loose and Penn State recovered on the Aggie 30-yard line. Seven plays later Matt Bahr atoned for four earlier misses by kicking a 22-yard field goal.

After the kickoff, with Utah State at its own 20, Aggie Quarterback Eric Hipple unloaded a pass at the same moment that Clark hooked his throwing arm. The ball flew upward and was intercepted at the 17-yard line by Defensive Back Randy Sidler. Four plays later freshman Halfback Booker Moore scored from the two.

"We demonstrated we were the better football team," said Penn State Coach Joe Paterno. "We just couldn't get some points. As for the Lions' status in the polls, Paterno said, "I won't know where we are this week or next week. Frankly, I don't give a darn."

In a game at Annapolis, Navy sank Air Force 10–7 in the last 41 seconds on Bob Tata's 25-yard field goal. Defenses dominated throughout the game as the expected passing duel between Navy's Bob Leszczynski and the Falcons' Dave Ziebart did not materialize. A two-touchdowo favorite, Navy relied on a rushing attack, which threatened to extend its losing streak to three games. On its final drive, however, Navy moved 57 yards to position Tata for his clutch field goal, with Joe Gattuso Jr. carrying four times for 46 yards. Gattuso racked up 143 yards on 23 carries during the game to surpass his father's academy record of 937 yards. A senior, Gattuso has now rushed for 1,039 yards in his career.

When West Virginia's Frank Cignetti moaned that seven of his starters were out with injuries, Temple Coach Wayne Hardin said, "They want to whip us 75–0 and say they did it with four starters. It makes me sick." Hardin felt no better after his Owls gave up 14 points in 14 seconds in the second quarter, thereby blowing a 9–7 lead. The Mountaineers went on to win 38–16 as Walter Easley ran for two touchdowns and Quarterback Dan Kendra twice connected on scoring passes to Cedric Thomas.

Unbeaten Dartmouth moved closer to the Ivy League championship by beating Yale 3–0 on Nick Lowery's 24-yard field goal and a closing-minutes defensive stand on its 11-yard line. The loss was Yale's first shutout defeat in 60 games. Dartmouth last turned the trick in 1970. A face-mask penalty moved Dartmouth in range for Lowery's kick before Yale came back in the final two minutes to reach the 11 on an 85-yard pass from Bob Rizzo to Joho Spagnola.

Princeton ended its eight-game losing streak, beating Columbia 28–7 as Tiger Bobby Isom, the Ivy League's leading rusher, gained 106 yards on 23 carries and scored a touchdown. In other Ivy battles Harvard traveled to Ithaca and moved into a first-place tie with Dartmouth by dumping Cornell 17–7, and Penn upset Brown for the second year in a row, 14–7.

Army's Leamon Hall ran for two touchdowns and passed for two others as the Cadets edged Villanova 34–32 by scoring 27 points in the second half.

Boston College rallied for 10 points in the final 6:49 to beat Tulane 30–28; Colgate upped its record to 5–0 with a 31–14 romp over Holy Cross and Rutgers routed Connecticut 42–18.

1. PENN STATE (4–1)
2. PITTSBURGH (3–1–1) 3. W. VIRGINIA (4–1)

SOUTHWEST While the nation's longest major win streak was ending in Los Angeles, the longest losing streak was broken in Houston, where TCU beat Rice 35–15 for the Horned Frogs' first triumph since the 1975 season.

In ending its losing string at 15 games, the Horned Frogs were flagged for an NCAA record 22 penalties totaling 174 yards—a Southwest Conference record—while Rice was in there trying as well, with a dozen infractions for 145 yards.

Less dubious was the record achieved by TCU Receiver Mike Renfro, a senior experiencing victory for the third time in his TCU career. Renfro caught four passes for 99 yards and a touchdown, to set an SWC career-receiving record of 2,323 yards. The previous record was set by Jerry Levias while he was at SMU.

TCU, led by Quarterback Steve Bayuk, who threw for two touchdowns and ran for

another and connected on 10 of 19 passes for 161 yards, also racked up its highest point total in 48 games.

"I don't know what I'm going to celebrate when we get back home tonight," Bayuk said after the game, "but there will be a party." TCU Coach F. A. Dry gave his team three days off to recover.

At Waco, freshman Kicker Robert Bledsoe missed his first three field-goal attempts, then hit three straight—the last with 2:16 left to play—to give Baylor a 9–6 victory over SMU. A fumble recovery and a blocked punt had set up two SMU field goals, despite the fact that the Baylor defense did not permit the Mustangs to drive inside the Bears' 40-yard line.

Texas A&I scored 25 points in the fourth quarter, but its 42-game win streak came to an end in a 25–25 tie with Abilene Christian. The NAIA-affiliated Javelinas fell five games short of equaling Oklahoma's alltime collegiate record set in 1953-57.

Colorado State improved its record to 5–0 with a 40–31 defeat of Texas-El Paso.

1. TEXAS (4–0)
2. ARKANSAS (4–0) 3. HOUSTON (3–1)

WEST Brilliant defense and a rushing attack, which Washington State rarely exhibits even in practice, enabled the Cougars to upset California 17–10 as underdogs prevailed throughout the West. Ripped 41–7 by USC eight days earlier, WSU rebounded to square its PAC-8 record at 1–1 and hand Cal its first defeat of the season. WSU rushed for 184 yards, 100 more than Quarterback Jack Thompson totaled passing. However, Thompson ran for two touchdowns set up by his passes and had his team in front 17–0 before Cal made a late surge that fell 10 yards short.

The Bears' walk-on quarterback, Gary Graumann, had pulled Cal to within a touchdown on a 22-yard scoring pass to Floyd Eddings with little more than a minute left. Despite an onside kick attempt that failed, Cal got the ball back on its own 39 with 44 seconds to play when the Cougars were forced to punt.

Graumann completed three passes to give the Bears a first down at the WSU 10, but the drive ended there after two incompletions and a sack of Graumann by George Yarno as time ran out.

With Quarterback Guy Benjamin sidelined by a knee injury, Stanford was a long-shot choice against UCLA, which had beaten the Cardinals 19 times in 29 years. But Steve Dils completed 24 of 37 passes for 287 yards and led the Cards to a 32–28 victory. Dils' biggest play was a 27-yard touchdown toss to Wide Receiver James Lofton with 37 seconds left. Lofton, a world-class long jumper who had five receptions for 126 yards, caught the scoring toss on the one and shook loose from Ken Easley and Levi Armstrong to go into the end zone. Stanford's freshman Scatback Darrin Nelson also excelled, carrying 23 times for 189 yards and two touchdowns, one on a 31-yard run.

"This victory is a pivotal point in Stanford athletics," proclaimed the Cards' new coach, Bill Walsh. "UCLA has dominated Stanford in football for years because of the type of athletes they've been able to recruit. We've shown we can take them on. From our view, we showed our best offense against the best defensive team we've met this season."

Dils, a 1975 redshirt whose total varsity experience was one play in '76, said, "I've waited so long. It feels good again to hurt all over after a game. You don't get that feeling sitting on the bench."

Said UCLA Coach Terry Donahue, who undoubtedly wished Dils had stayed seated at least one more week, "This conference race is far from over." His Bruins, however, are now 2–3.

In another PAC-8 contest Washington slammed Oregon 54–0 as the Ducks lost five fumbles.

Brigham Young suffered a 24–19 loss to Oregon State at Corvallis, but the Cougars were hurt more by a knee injury suffered by Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, the nation's leading passer, which will sideline him for the rest of the season.

Nielsen, who had thrown 122 passes without an interception coming into the game, was injured early in the fourth quarter and came out with 5:22 remaining. He had thrown for three BYU touchdowns and a 19–0 lead before he was stung by three interceptions—two of which were returned for touchdowns by OSU linebackers.

Texas Tech overcame stubborn Arizona 32–26 as Bill Adams booted four field goals for the Red Raiders. Tech's winning touchdown was scored by Fullback Jimmy Williams, who bulled over from the five with 14:57 left.

Field goals also allowed Utah to gain its first victory of the year, a 23–13 WAC triumph over Wyoming, Tom McNamara hitting three from 44, 30 and 48 yards with his bare foot.

After USC lost, San Diego State had the nation's longest win streak at 10 games. The distinction didn't last long. Fresno State upset the Aztecs 34–14 Saturday night.

Arizona State opened WAC competition by crushing New Mexico, a team which hasn't beaten the Sun Devils since 1942, 45–24. Quarterback Dennis Sproul led the Sun Devils to 17 points on their first three possessions.

Idaho State beat archrival Idaho 34–14; Pacific defeated Hawaii 37–7, and West Texas State edged New Mexico State 17–14.

1. USC (4–1)
2. CALIFORNIA (4–1) 3. STANFORD (4–1)

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Lovelier than ever, Evonne seasons her game in a tournament on Hilton Head Island, her home base

The hand that rocks the cradle

Also swings a racket, and Goolagong is busy getting herself back on the ball

It has been about a year since Evonne Goolagong forsook the women's tennis tour and her No. 2 world ranking and retired to her beachfront home on Hilton Head Island, S.C., to await the birth of her first child. Since then, with the notable exception provided by Virginia Wade at Wimbledon, Chris Evert has dominated the game in such a way as to produce ennui. Week by week it became not so much a question of whether Evert would win, but rather if she would smudge her sneakers.

To refresh flagging memories, Goolagong was the 1971 Wimbledon champion, won the Virginia Slims tour in 1974 and 1976, was the finalist at Forest Hills four straight times (1973-76), made the finals of every Slims tournament she played in last year and was considered about the only one good enough to make Evert perspire. After Evonne gave birth to a daughter, Kelly Inala, on May 12, there was speculation if she ever again would find herself at match point. Her daughter's middle name means "a peaceful place," and many thought that Goolagong had discovered tranquility away from tennis and found it to her liking.

Moreover, when she entered the Canadian Open in Toronto in August and lost in the first round to a relatively obscure German, Katja Ebbinghaus, then withdrew from the U.S. Open and scurried back to Hilton Head, there was further speculation that her training was being mishandled by her husband, Roger Cawley. Pregnancy, it was said, had sapped her strength, made her susceptible to injury and slowed her up. At 26, it seemed, Evonne Goolagong was through with tennis.

In apparent confirmation, she said in mid-September, "If it came down to a decision of choosing tennis or my family, there is no question that I would give up the sport."

Of course the rigors of maternity—the weight gain, the hiatus from practice and competition and the loss of strength—can be deleterious to athletic skills. Margaret Court knows this well. Her first child, Daniel, was born in 1973 when Court was 30 years old and near the apex of her tennis career. A proponent of weight lifting and physical conditioning, Court recalls that her experience with childbirth turned out to be a positive one, forcing her to work even harder during her comeback in 1973. "I really had to push my body beyond its limits," she said last week. "You're very injury prone at such a time. After Daniel, I took four months and just worked on my conditioning. I wanted to come back because at the time everybody said, 'Well, she'll never be any good again.' That just made me push on. And once I started playing, I never seemed to tire. I just kept going and playing in tournaments every week. It was one of those years that you don't forget." In her season to remember, Court won 24 of 28 tournaments, including 12 in a row.

When Goolagong returned to the practice court, she suffered nettlesome injuries, as Court might have predicted, tearing a muscle in her right shoulder that made her wince when she served, and worrying over a numbness in her right leg. Those watching her daily practices were shaking their heads.

Goolagong was preparing for the World Invitational Tennis Classic scheduled for the last week of September at Sea Pines Plantation. It was her return to competition after her premature comeback in Canada, and it would occur at Hilton Head before many of her friends and neighbors. A few weeks before the WITC, Goolagong appeared almost diffident about her progress. "I want to give it a try now," she said. "I want to see how far I can go and then we'll make a decision on whether I'll keep playing. I don't want to look back two years from now and be sorry that I didn't try."

With an eye to the future, the Cawleys had made plans to build an elaborate tennis complex on Hilton Head and acquired an option to purchase approximately 70 acres for this purpose. Unfortunately, their business partner, Richard Duke, suffered a fatal heart attack. His death deepened Evonne's dismay with her game, but in the days leading up to the WITC her skills suddenly start-

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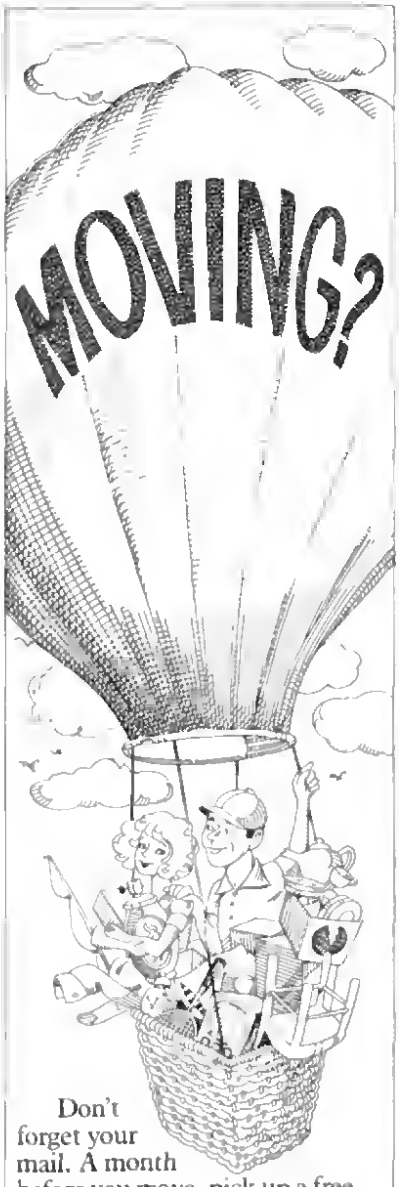


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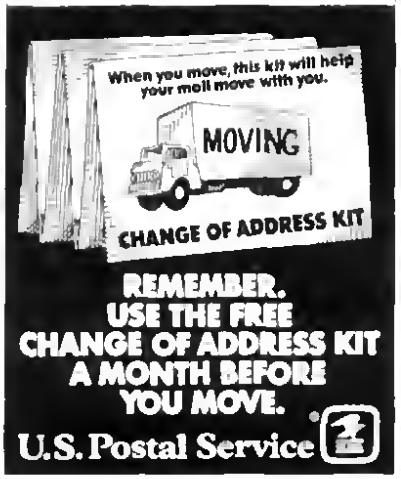
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ed to reappear. She played well in several exhibitions and began to feel like her old self, running down impossible shots, her hair wet and curly on her forehead from the exertion of practicing in the heat and humidity. By the opening day of the tournament, Roger felt confident enough to say with a smile, "She's playing well enough to win."

The Cawleys' relationship is extremely close, even for relatively newly-marrieds. Roger wears several gold chains around his neck, one reading "Roger-Evonne," the others "E." She casts glances at him constantly during her matches. They can be seen strolling hand in hand wherever they go, bicycling together around the island or jumping into their Jeep for a trip to the store. Roger is trainer and coach, as well as a buffer between Evonne and the public. A former tournament player in his native England, Roger, too, was under pressure at the WITC. Evonne's performance would either condemn or vindicate his methods.

In the WITC, the players compete in singles, doubles and mixed doubles, and in Goolagong's opening match, she and Kerry Reid were paired in doubles against Virginia Wade and Dianne Fromholtz. It quickly became apparent that Evonne's volleys were as crisp as ever, and she displayed a new weapon, a topspin forehand that she hit short crosscourt. As the match wore on, her smile grew wider and her manner almost bubbly. "She's getting more and more confident," said Roger at courtside, with a smile of his own.

Goolagong was in surprisingly good condition. During her pregnancy, she had monitored her weight so well that a month before Kelly's birth, some acquaintances, assuming by her appearance that they must have missed something, were asking her "How's your baby?" Replied Evonne mischievously, "Still kicking." Some pregnant women get bizarre craving for certain foods; Evonne's was an insatiable desire for lemons, and she ate so many that her dentist warned her to stop eating them because the citric acid was affecting the enamel on her teeth. During pregnancy she gained only 14 pounds, and thanks to a running-exercise program instituted by Roger, she is now five pounds lighter—125 pounds—than her previous playing weight.

Goolagong and Reid had an easy time in the doubles, winning in three sets 5–7, 6–1, 6–4. Her opponent in the singles would be Reid, a gritty player familiar with Goolagong's game. Over the years they have had a series of tight matches and this would be no different. Goolagong won the first set 7–6, taking the tiebreaker 7–4, and her well-placed strokes had Reid so much on the go that it was she and not Evonne who first ran out of gas. With the spring in her opponent's legs gone, Evonne raced through the second set 6–3 and wrapped up the match. "Two weeks ago," said Roger, "Kerry would have beaten her 6–1, 6–1." "Judging by the way she played today," said Reid, "she'll be tough again by the beginning of the year."

For Evonne, the applause alleviated the sore muscles. "I'm getting keen about coming back," she said. "Losing at Toronto was good practice for me. That match just about killed me. I was exhausted. I think I went to sleep afterward. It made me realize how much I have to catch up. But it's a nice feeling to know you've worked so hard and you are gradually getting better. My life has changed so much now. I feel more of a whole person. I make a lot of decisions on my own and I'm happier for it. And Kelly is my joy. She weighs 20 pounds going on 40. I think that is where I get my strength from, carrying her around."

Later that afternoon, Goolagong and Bjorn Borg played a mixed-doubles match against Roscoe Tanner and Reid, losing 4–6, 6–3, 6–4. Two matches in one day were a bit much and it showed in her singles finals the following day when Evonne met Virginia Wade. She had not lost to Wade since 1975 but in the third set she tired badly and Wade won 6–4, 6–7, 6–3. Evonne was happier in defeat than she had been in some time. "To win one set off the No. 2 woman in the world is fantastic," she said.

"We didn't think Evonne could do something like this for three more months," added Roger.

For the future, Goolagong will keep practicing, then return to her native Australia for tournaments in November and December, culminating with the Australian Open. After that she will play the Virginia Slims circuit. Whether she ever again will be No. 1 is a matter to be thrashed out with her family as well as with Chris Evert, but her composed performance at Hilton Head indicated that she is not quite ready to retire to the kitchen. **END**

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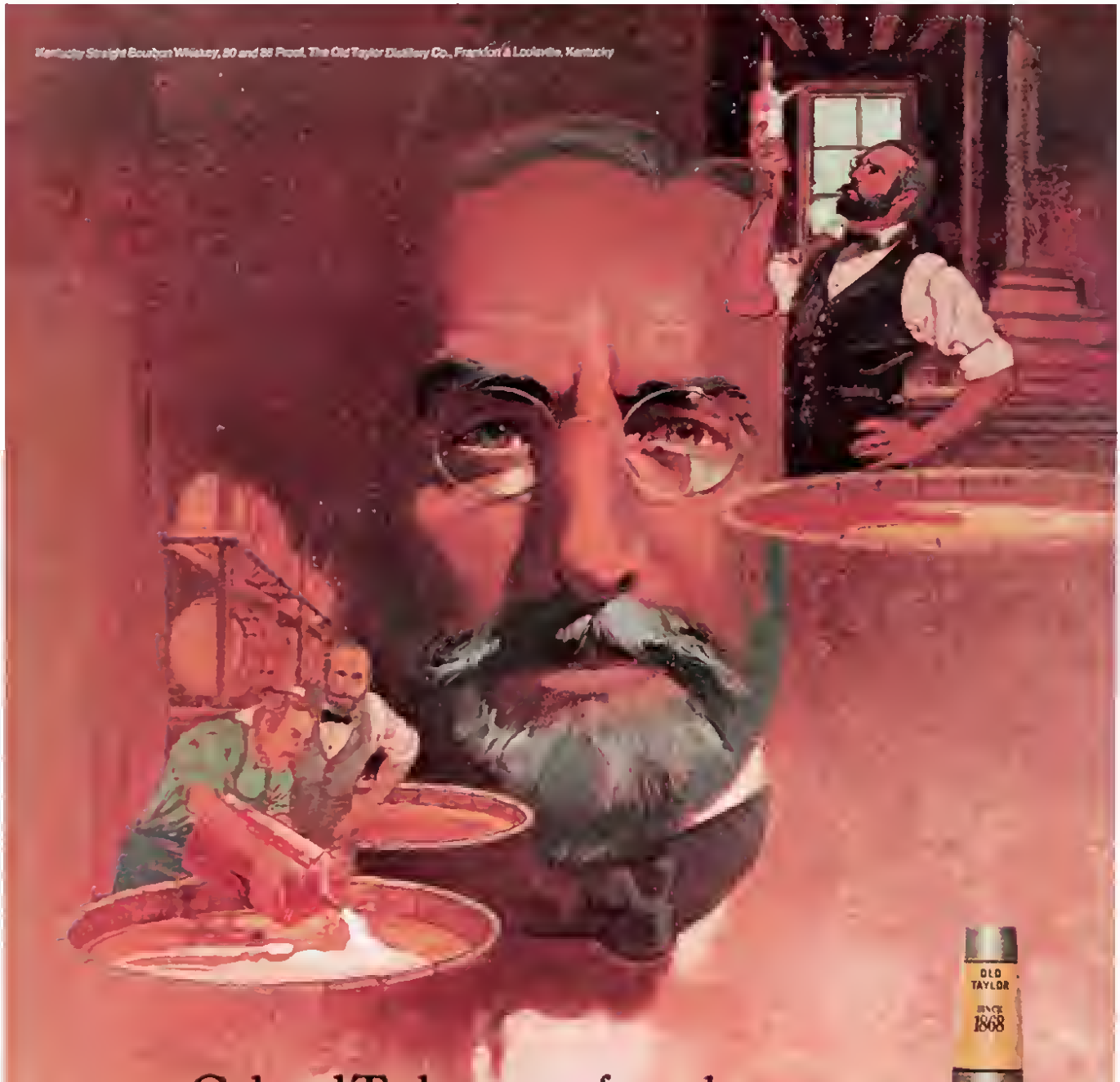
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In the murky, garbage-strewn waters of the Hudson there is more than meets the eye—or nose. When the tide is right, striped bass will come readily to the fly

The stretch of the Hudson River that flows past New York City is polluted. Its fish are contaminated with polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) and its banks are littered with filth. Its few human visitors do not frequent the Miramichi, nor are they familiar with the Gaspé. But the Hudson is a five-minute walk from my apartment on 112th Street in Manhattan, and I have learned to throw flies into its thickness.

On an evening I usually take a dozen or so stripers and snappers or baby bluefish, but occasionally the river whisks me beyond that, directly to Valhalla. As it did one Saturday in late September.

With only three hours before dark, I braved the traffic of the West Side Highway, strung my rod and began to make preliminary casts into the river. My 116th Street beat is a rocky stretch of bank that extends two blocks to a concrete sewer outlet on the left and eight blocks to the right to the bay south of 125th Street. The bank is strewn with man-size rocks, placed there as both highway support and river curb, and the water drops gradually to 30 feet, where stripers and baitfish cruise. At low tide, the slimy rocks are laden with assorted debris.

I have the 116th Street beat memorized. The boulder with the blue paint. The flat sitting rock where I rest occasionally. The hole with the cable growing from it. The concrete sewage outlet below, and the three sewage pipes above. The tiny "driftwood beach" that I sometimes comb. And the standing rocks that I jump to and from.

I have some of the river's hazards conquered (I hate to say "licked"). Backcasting between traffic. Double-hauling past flotsam. Cleaning my line on every 10th cast.

And I know the river's rhythms. High tide at my beat is 2½ hours later than at the Battery. Change of current takes three hours. Sewage flows often—but not always. Dusk and dawn are the best times, regardless of the tides—unless dead low is combined with a full sewage flow. Then I wouldn't even stick a poacher's line in the river.

That September evening my first casts were downstream, parallel-to-the-bank 50-footers. I was darting a bright weighted streamer—a No. 2 hook with a lot of lead, tinsel and white hair—on a 12-foot leader with a four-pound tip on a sinking line. I retrieved the fly along the rocks as fast as I could yank it.

After five minutes of no fish, I opened my duffel and inflated my raft. Eight minutes of foot-pumping was all it took. A $20 Macy's job, it was similar to the one I used during my school years in North Carolina for floating streams and farm ponds. This one, though, was for the Hudson, for the out-of-casting-distance schools of snappers and stripers that are common to the river. No oars, just a sculling paddle, but with it you can go faster than with oars if you paddle right.

The vinyl raft was large and firm, each of its three compartments permeated with the smell of the Hudson. I was now ready for a quick takeoff if far-off strippers were sighted. Until then I would fish the shoreline boulders.

The river was in good condition. The incoming tide, still an hour from high, was clean and relatively free of debris. I say relatively because there is always garbage floating along the banks of the Hudson in Manhattan. Some days it is so bad that it's impossible to retrieve an ungarnished fly. When the tide is dead low and the sewage outlets are active, the water is filled with floating and half-floating objects of every description. The visibility is down to zero and the smell is not pleasant. But that day no sewage was issuing from the outlets and the flotsam was minimal.

On my first upstream cast I got an immediate strike, and I was into a small

continued



bass. A 12-incher, silvery with purple-black stripes. I released it and proceeded to catch five more, all small, all in front of the same upriver boulder.

Small stripers are everywhere along the Hudson rocks in the summer (they begin to leave as cold weather arrives). It's easiest to find them with a spinning rod. Just cast along the rocks before and after high tide, retrieving with the current.

Busily releasing small stripers, I scarcely noticed the arrival of the two visitors. When I turned and saw them, they were sitting in my raft in the grass, clutching matching pints of no-name moonshine.

"How ya doin'?" I delicately inquired.

"You gonna float around in this thing?" one of them asked.

"Yeah, do this thing hold you up?" said the other.

"Well, for one person it's all right, if you're careful. It can tip over, though, if you don't know what you're doing." I was lying.

"I think we'll take a ride in it," one of them said. "Where's your other oar?"

Tricky situations weren't uncommon on my Upper West Side beat, but this was the first time my raft had been in jeopardy. Both men were bigger than I am, and although they were obviously more than a little drunk, I knew I couldn't stop them if they wanted to take a ride on the raft.

"I'll tell you, right now's not really the best time for a float on the river," I said. "See that log? See how fast it's moving? The currents are really dangerous now. In about an hour the tide will slow down and I'd be glad for you to borrow the raft then. My name's John, and I come down here to fish the river a lot. I've never seen you guys though. What are *your* names?"

"John, you're my main man. I'm Thomas, and this is my main man Maxwell. You be here in an hour?" I nodded. "Then we'll see you later. We'll float that damn thing all over this damn river."

Thomas and Maxwell wandered off through the screeching traffic. I had lied again. I had no intention of being there when they returned. In a few seconds I was floating upstream with the incoming Hudson tide.

Sculling strongly, I was quickly out toward midriver. I laid down the paddle and cast the streamer toward the edge of one of the many Hudson currents. The river is often like that, like a hundred streams all flowing side by side at different speeds. While rafting, I can adjust my relative speed by entering the various subcurrents, and it is at the junctures of these currents where the fish most often feed. On a calm day you can see snappers working 50 patches across the river. Larger disturbances mean stripers, or sometimes even shad. Once I caught several large shad on my Hudson streamers.

Out away from its shoreline the river is pleasant. With some imagination you can even sense its origins. The Hudson begins 300 miles to the north in the Adirondacks near Mt. Marcy in a fishless two-acre lake called Tear of the Clouds. Spilling gently down, it gradually becomes the wild and rapid upper Hudson, home of native brookies and implanted browns and rainbows that feed on Adirondack mayflies. Stifled at the base of the mountains, the river becomes sluggish, held in check by locks and dams. The trout become carp, and the mayflies houseflies. Pristine tributaries become paper-mill runoffs. Near Troy the sewage takes over. And below the Troy Dam the river first tastes salt and begins to take on the character it has on my beat. The tides extend 154 miles up to Troy and back down past Albany, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, West Point, Croton, Haverstraw Bay, Spuyten Duyvil, the George Washington Bridge, 116th Street. The carp become stripers, the stripers that I was looking for.

Once a school of stripers is located, it pays to move gradually with the current. The baitfish are drifting, and the stripers follow. When I'm bank-fishing and have found a school, I walk slowly along the rocks as I catch and release fish, finally arriving either at the big concrete sewer outlet downriver or the steep gravel bank upriver. Then I return to my starting point to pick up another school.

I sculled the raft, hoping to find a current that would let me drift with some fish. Nearby the surface erupted with six frenzied splashes. Then a smaller splash—my streamer. One strip and a fish was on, pulling hard, taking line, as the raft swung around. The fish was a good one, larger than the 12-inchers I had caught earlier, but not so large that I couldn't slow its runs. Back and forth, the raft rotated with the fish's lunges, zigzagging with the river's flow. I retrieved line gradually, enjoying the bent rod and the tight line. The fish came to the surface 30 feet away and shook its head, a striper. Again it surfaced, and then plunged toward the bottom. But the fish tired, and I soon put my thumb into the jaw of my best Hudson striper. My scale said 3½.

I debated for an instant whether I should keep the bass, for photographs or something. (Hudson River fish shouldn't be eaten because of the high levels of PCBs.) Or to show Steve, my Sheepshead Bay friend who scorns the Hudson, who won't fish my 116th Street retreat with me. But I decided not to bother, and I put the hefty fish back into the river.

Two false casts and the fly was out again. I stripped and felt a tug. Another pleasing battle and another weighed striper. Longer than the first, but thinner and not as heavy.

The next 24 casts produced stripers. I counted. My record had been 39 straight on a rainy Friday in 1975, but they had been 15- and 16-inchers. These were all at the magic three-pound mark. And they were tiring me. An hour and a half of bent graphite had begun to fatigue my forearm. Striper after striper. Schooling 40 feet away from me, moving together with the tide. I wished I had tagging equipment. Each year I resolve that I will tag my next year's fish, but I still hadn't gotten around to it. Beautiful 20-inch fish. But no whoppers. Tugs and pleasureboaters passing, waving as I landed and released my catch.

More splashing and I flexed the rod for a cast while simultaneously seeing a dozen teen-agers on the rocks, each heaving stones in my direction and shouting words I could not understand but which did not sound like pleasantries. My sculling paddle got me out of range without injury, but the stripers were soon behind me, and the record 39 was no longer endangered.

The tide had begun to change and I floated almost motionless amidst the back eddies of the reversing Hudson. Prime time for big stripers. When the high tide comes and lingers for 30 minutes and then begins its retreat, bottom dwellers and baitfish are aroused, and hungry cows supposedly feed.

Small snapper schools pitty-patted gently across the river, but I was looking for splashes, not dimples. I searched the eddies with the streamer, but the next few minutes produced nothing. The teen-

continued

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agers soon tired of their sport, and I moved back to fish near the shoreline. My "main men" weren't there, and I moved north of the 116th Street launching area I wearily rolled short casts into the rocks as sunset approached, but the fish were apparently somewhere else, and the brief strips produced a half-hour void

The sun finally dropped into the Jersey bluffs and I beached the raft near the concrete sewer outlet. I sat dangling my legs from the concrete, slow-pulling the worn-out streamer as I finished the day Then, a final strike! The fish ran downriver On my feet, feeling the line through my gloved right hand Then mono, then Dacron backing. There was no stopping it. The rod was not jerking, just a constant double bend. Line burning across my forefinger

I held the rod high with both hands at the reel, the buckskinned right hand letting line flow from it. I put pressure, too much pressure, on the line and the fish, but it wouldn't slow The backing began to vanish and I watched as the reel spool gradually came into view With only a few feet left, I struck the fish hard, holding the line tightly, bending the rod behind my shoulder. I heard and saw a huge boil 100 yards away where the fish rolled For a few seconds it stopped, and then with renewed strength moved again Before I knew it the backing was at its end The rod strained, the line held for a moment, then parted at its last knot

The line, the backing, the leader, the fly and the cow bass were gone, as was the day

After a minute of squeezing a deflating raft, I gathered myself and recrossed the zooming traffic I walked through Riverside Park, nervously watching for Thomas or Maxwell or the teen-agers

Tired, I leaned forward as I negotiated the 116th Street hill up to Broadway I watched three street kids playing tag—Shorty, Jolly and Black Lagoon Black Lagoon was "it" Further up the hill I passed a giant man with a black eye and a bandage around his head At the top of the hill was Broadway, and it was there that the breeze off the Hudson lost its force And it was there that I reentered the city of New York, five minutes away from a productive—if somewhat odoriferous—fishing paradise. As usual, I remembered to take a last deep breath of the Hudson before crossing the street to climb the five flights of stairs to my apartment. **END**

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*Sticker price comparison of base models

Fairmont Facts:	Base Sticker Prices	EPA Mileage Estimates Highway	City
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Manual	$3,589	33	23
Automatic	$3,957	33	22
Four-Door Sedan			
Manual	$3,663	33	23
Automatic	$4,031	33	22
Four-Door Station Wagon			
Manual	$4,151	29	19
Automatic	$4,432	24	18

Note: Steel belted radial tires are standard on wagons and with automatic transmission. Wagon prices include available 3.3 litre (200 CID) engine

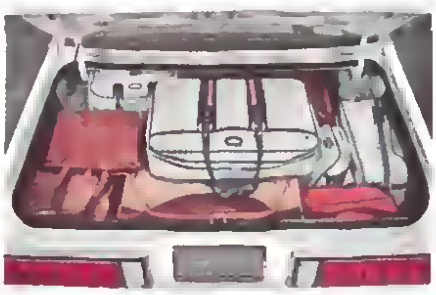
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*The estimated cost of scheduled maintenance for Fairmont with automatic transmission and its standard engine, including parts and labor, is only about $150 for 50,000 miles. (Based on Ford labor time standards, a $14.50 hourly labor rate and suggested retail parts prices in effect May 19, 1977.)



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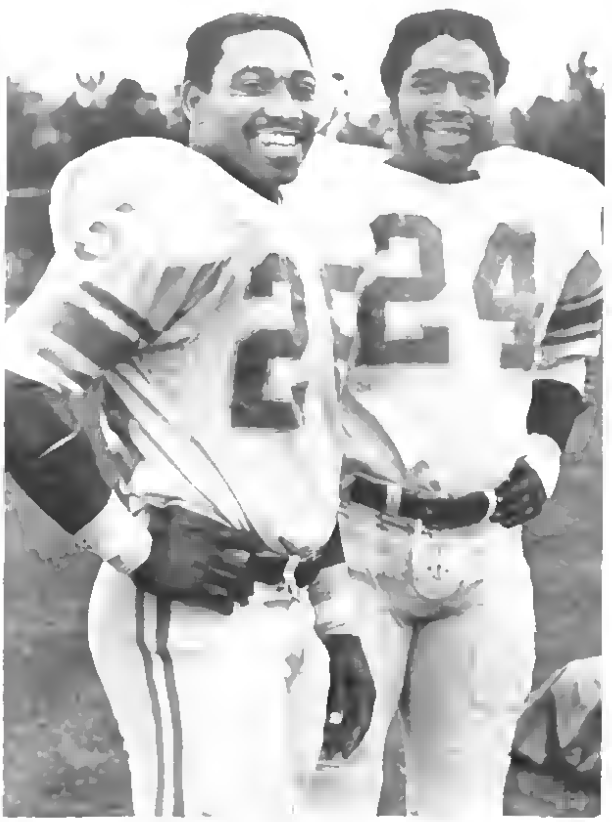


When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

Detroit's new models

Horace King and Dexter Bussey, the Lions' mid-size running backs, are maneuverable in traffic and can leave defenders in the dust

The last time the Detroit Lions had an offense worth talking about, Cadillacs had fins, Thunderbirds had two seats and open tops and the real hot car in town was the four-door Edsel, which, coincidentally, was named after Edsel Ford, the father of the present owner of the Lions, William Clay Ford. This season, though, Detroit finally has produced another winner. No, not the moped. A running game. It's the Dexter and Horace Show. After the first three weeks of the season Dexter Bussey and Horace King were the second and third leading rushers, respectively, in the entire NFC and the reason why Alex Karras wasn't telling Lion jokes anymore.



King (left) and Bussey aren't battering rams but they've run for 538 yards

Last Sunday Bussey and King and the rest of the Lions ran into an old nemesis, the Minnesota Vikings, whom they have beaten only twice in their last 19 meetings. The Viking defense held the two young Lions to a combined 36 yards rushing in a typical black-and-blue 14–7 win that gave Minnesota sole possession of first place in the NFC Central. The Lions, now 2–2, weren't the pussycats of old, however. Trailing 14–0 at the half they put together a 68-yard scoring drive early in the third quarter. King played a key role in that march when, on fourth-and-two, he blasted three yards for the first down to the Viking 33. Only a last-second interception kept the Lions from forcing the Vikings into overtime.

King has now rumbled for 275 yards this season; Bussey has rambled for 263. As both showed Sunday they are also capable receivers. King hauled down six passes for 32 yards while Bussey caught four for 21. King now has 18 receptions for 129 yards, Bussey nine for 112.

By their own admission, Bussey and King hardly qualify as superstars—not yet, at least—and neither of them will soon be seen galloping down an airport corridor in pursuit of a rental car, but for those who groove on nice folks, Bussey and King seem made to order, each a refreshing contrast to the athlete whose ego is larger than his paycheck. Teammates, running mates and Southern soul mates, they perform with much the same style and consider ball carrying the highest form of football art.

"It's exciting to have the ball in your hand," says the 25-year-old Bussey, a halfback from Dallas who came to the Lions in 1974 as a third-round draft choice out of the University of Texas at Arlington. "That's the way I get myself prepared for a game. I hold a ball and then go over in my mind the situations I might be in and think about how I would escape from them. When you've got the ball in your hand, you can see things you normally wouldn't see and you can feel and just sense the pressure."

"I just love carrying the football," says the 24-year-old King, a fullback from the University of Georgia who was drafted by New England in 1975 and traded to Detroit the same year for Running Back Leon Crosswhite. "Everything is into that one player who's carrying the football. Trying to maneuver and do things to get away, that's the exciting part of the game. Everybody wants that football, and you're the guy who's got it. You're the determining factor, the focus for all the people watching, the 11 guys chasing you and the guys blocking. That's excitement. Offense is me, I guess."

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Bussey and King both were born in March and, unlike most running-back combinations, they seem to have come off the same assembly line as far as size is concerned. Detroit Coach Tommy Hudspeth calls them "pony backs," but the differences in their running styles make Bussey (6′ 1″, 195) appear to be much bigger than King (5′ 10″, 205). Bussey relies on quick, darting elusiveness and runs upright, "so I can see where I'm going." King, on the other hand, plunges through the traffic with his chin at his beltline, a knack he acquired in high school, where his coach made him run under a low-ceiling barrier constructed from planks and wire.

However they run, Bussey and King both have 4.6 speed and follow the same philosophy—make the defender move first, then break.

Bussey, whose 858 yards rushing led the Lions and made him the seventh-ranked ball carrier in the NFC last year, says, "I'd rather run toward a defender than away from him. I'd rather watch him make the mistake than have me make it. When you run toward the defender, he's the one who's in a sweat. When you run away from him, you give him the angle and leverage so he can catch you. I don't have the greatest speed in the world, but I think I have quickness and instinct. I'm constantly cutting across the grain to where the pursuit catches up, and then stepping aside."

Bussey and King don't object to blocking for one another. "Neither one of them is on a trip for himself," says Hudspeth. "Each appreciates the other's ability and is willing to go along with whatever the game plan calls for. Neither one of them worries that 'he carried the ball 10 more times than I did.' "

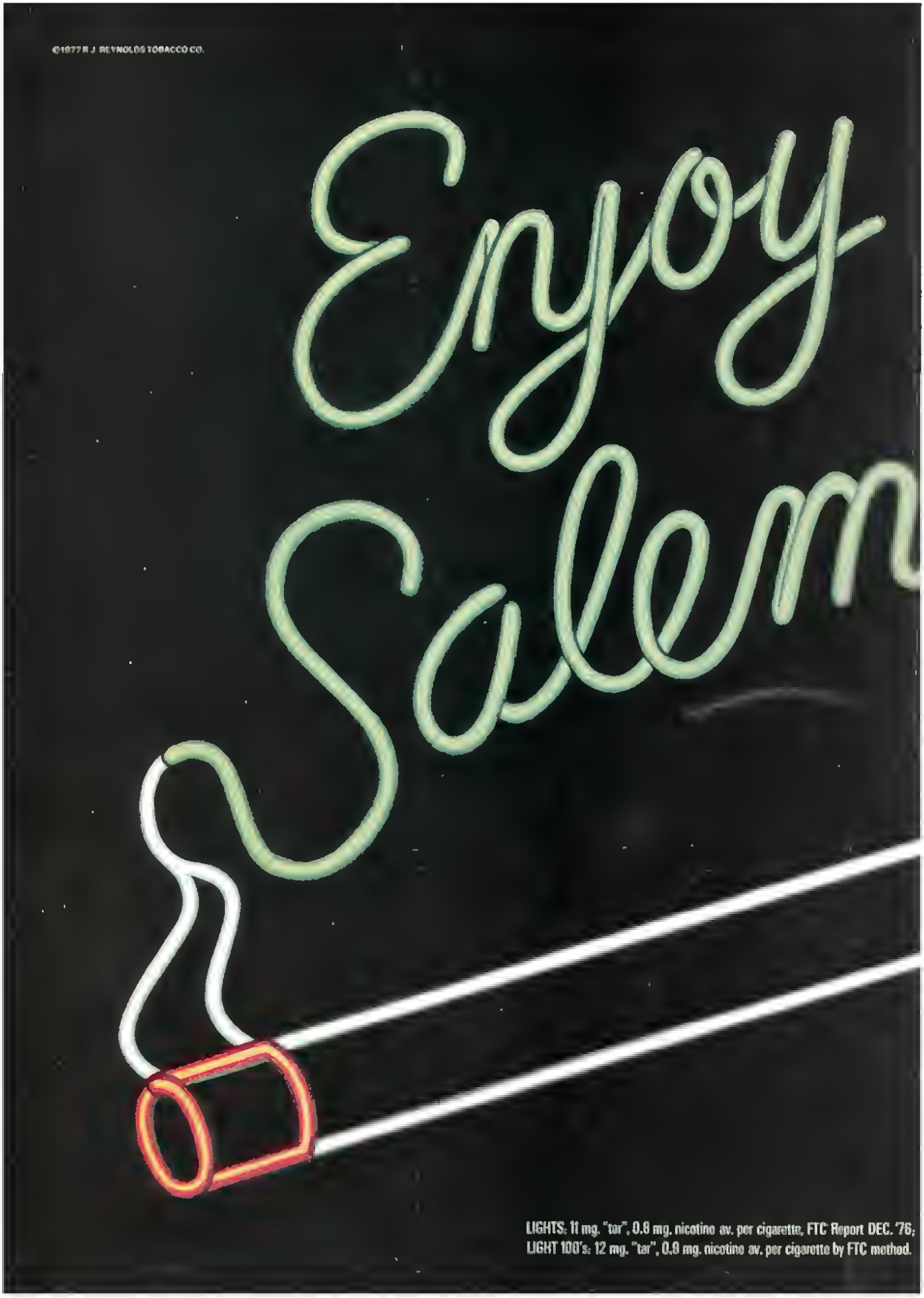
Before the game at Minnesota, Bussey and King each had carried the ball 52 times in the Lions' first three games. Their finest combined performance came in the Pontiac Silverdome two weeks ago against New Orleans when the Lions ran for 306 yards, Detroit's highest total in 25 years. Bussey set a personal high of 150 yards on 24 carries, while King gained 87 in 14 carries.

"We talk it up and we know exactly what to expect from each other," Bussey says. "We run with the same idea. I prefer my blocker to throw on the defensive man—to make him move one way or another—so I can make my break. That's the same way Horace prefers me

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to do it for him when I'm downfield blocking and he's got the ball."

"They're a good tandem," Hudspeth says. "You'd hope, of course, that one would be a great big runner, but Horace is the type who gives you many dimensions. He's not going to run over many people, but he's quick getting into the hole, he can hit a little gap and he catches the ball well, so he does open your offense up."

Bussey and King have run together almost from the day King arrived at training camp in 1975 and the Texan made the Georgian feel at home. Off the field they play backgammon, take in concerts and watch movies together. Bussey's wife Kay and King's wife Mitzi also are close, and it is reasonable to expect that Atiya Bussey, nine months, and Kim King, six months, will be trading giggles soon. The Busseys, who also have a 6-year-old son named Cobey, picked the unusual Arabic name for their daughter when she failed to arrive, as scheduled, last Dec. 10. Atiya finally showed up on Jan. 9. She was a late Christmas present, so to speak, thus Atiya, which means gift.

"Their closeness is a real plus," says Wally English, who coaches the Lions' offensive backs. English believes that both Bussey and King can finish the season with at least 1,000 yards. If so, they will triple the membership of Detroit's 1,000-yard club, Steve Owens being the only Lion ever to rush for 1,000 in the team's 43-year history.

King also is intent on upgrading the image of the Lions, a team whose recent history has been fraught with feuds, dissension and second-guessing by Owner Ford. Indeed, being a Lion has not been easy. "Rigid" Rick Forzano, for instance, demanded that his players stand exactly on the yard-line stripes during calisthenics. Hudspeth, who succeeded Forzano after Detroit had lost three of its first four games last season, runs a looser ship but a more complex one. He has changed the Lions offense each week in an apparent attempt to remake Detroit in the Dallas image. To his credit, after the first three weeks of the season the Detroit offense ranked second overall in the NFC and first in rushing.

"When I got traded here," King says, "I asked myself, 'Who do I know who plays for Detroit?' I couldn't think of anyone. I'd never even seen Detroit on Monday Night Football. You think about it, you see the Lions on Thanksgiving Day and that's about the only time. It's a low-profile team. We want to turn that around. That's what I'm hoping for. This town deserves it. They fill up this stadium every Sunday."

"Yeah, they do," says another Lion, "but it's a funky kind of loyalty. They know we're supposed to be professionals, but they come out to see how we're going to screw things up each week. Somehow they get off on that."

King adds, "Sure, I feel good that I'm somewhere near the top. But I want to be on top at the end of the year. I want to help our team."

At last it seems that Detroit has not produced two more Edsels. **END**

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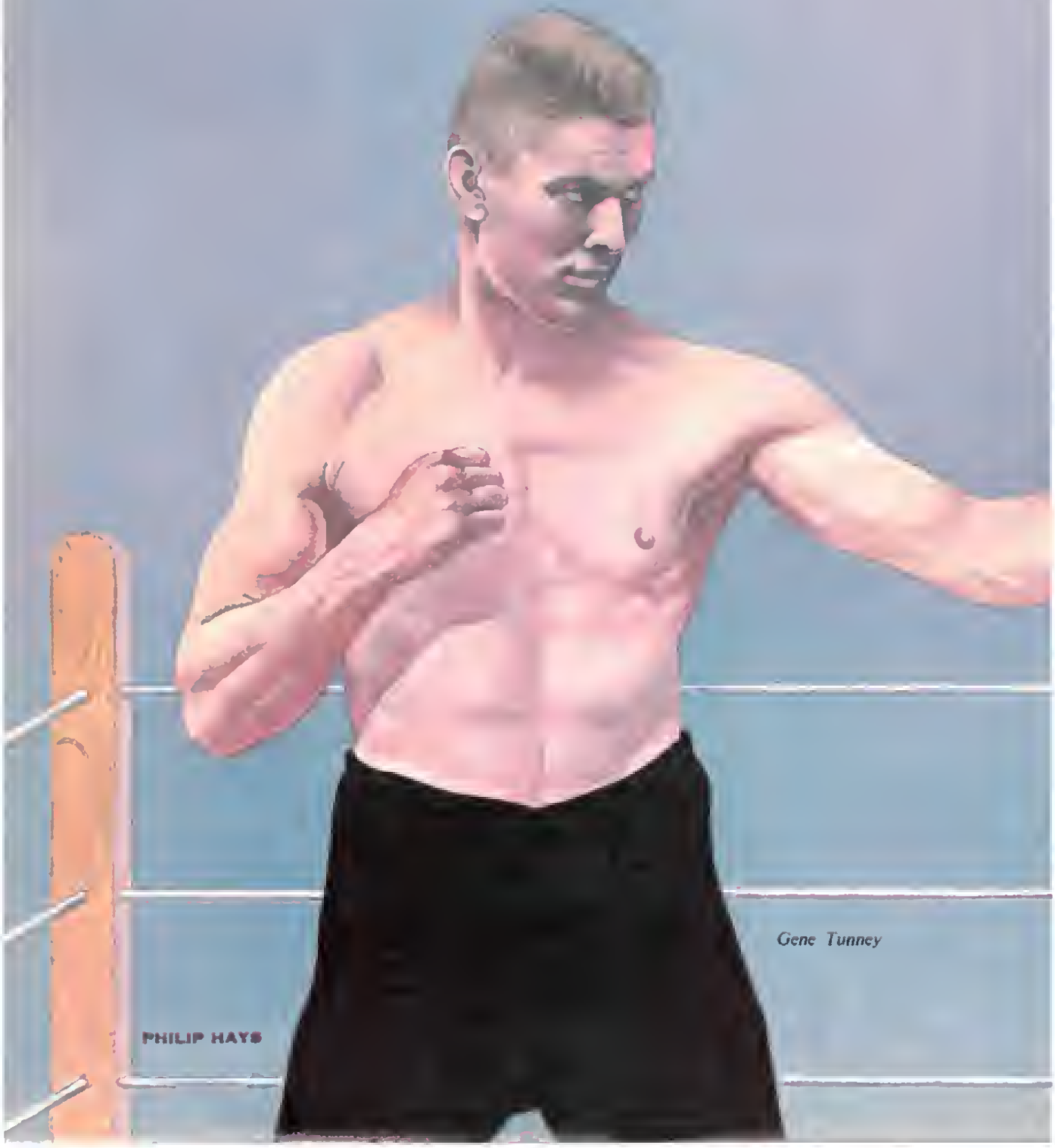
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The Ultimate

by GEORGE PLIMPTON



Gene Tunney

PHILIP HAYS

Confrontation

A deep-seated urge to get in the ring with a real fighter like Gene Tunney has led a variety of amateurs, from Lord Byron to Hemingway to the author of this story, to take that rash step



Ernest Hemingway

CONTINUED

Oh, I could have gone peaceably through life without ever taking a poke at anyone or being poked at. But when I got involved in "participatory journalism"—that ugly descriptive—friends would say, "Well, now that you've played professional baseball and are writing a book about it, and you're thinking of basketball and football and playing the tambourine in some music group and all those things, when are you going to fight a professional fighter? When are you going to fight Sonny Liston?"

"Well, I'm not going to fight anyone," I said. "I am going to play tennis. Perhaps I am going to sing. Would it not be interesting to sing in the Metropolitan Opera?"

It was not that my friends turned away and shamed me, or kept badgering me, but that I finally realized boxing was perhaps the ultimate confrontation, certainly the most time-honored one—one man versus another in the most basic terms—and that I could hardly go on as a participatory journalist without investigating the sport.

I had assumed that climbing into the ring with a great professional fighter was something that very few ordinary citizens had done, or wished to do, because one would be hard-pressed to think of a more uncomfortable way of spending time. But that turned out not to be the case at all. The list was long—a curious group of eccentrics, braggarts, publicity seekers, adventurers, aficionados, slightly addled-sounding aristocrats, a large number of writers like myself and certain individuals on whom it was difficult to pin a description.

Archie Moore, who turned out to be the fighter with whom I eventually got in the ring, provided an example of the latter. "Once, I was in Argentina, boxing exhibitions in the little towns in the back country," Archie told me, "and this large blond man with a beautiful girl at his elbow turned up at the cafe where I had dropped in to get the lay of the land. He said he wanted to box a couple of rounds with me. He was a Brazilian. He said, 'You are the *most* of the champions. Everybody in Brazil think you are the most of the champions.' He was very respectful.

"Well, the next night, suddenly, there he was, climbing through the ropes with these baggy trunks on, and he was carrying his own bucket with a sponge in it. I didn't know how he had done it—bribed one of the officials, I suppose. He had a very weak smile. I didn't see the girl. She must have been sitting out there watching him. So there he was in the ring, the first man on the card. I didn't know how good he was. He looked scared and pretty bad, but you can be tricked. So I tried to find out what he knew. Every time I faked he dropped his hands. I opened up so he could punch and I saw he couldn't do that. So finally I started a big overhand punch, like an Englishman throwing a cricket ball, making it long and easy, like a man stretching and yawning, so this fellow had plenty of time to see what I was doing. But when I started to bring the punch down over my head I saw the man couldn't move. He stared up at the punch coming for him and he accepted it, just standing there with his gloves down by his sides, his face up, like he was looking into a shower head, and of course the punch connected and down he went. He got up after a while and he was all right. He thanked me very much and he climbed down out of the ring. 'Thank you. Thank you,' he said. He forgot his pail with the sponge in it. I guess he didn't have much use for it after that. 'You are the most of the champions.' That's what he kept saying."

Apparently in days gone by it was quite easy to box a professional fighter if one had a mind to. Dozens of people fought John L. Sullivan in the hope of winning purses up to $500 which were offered to anyone who could remain in the ring with him for four rounds. The majority of the aspirants did not last a round and one neophyte was dropped in two seconds. Sullivan kept at it—going on numerous "knocking-out tours" as he called it. Finally, the word went ahead that the odds against surviving for four rounds were not good. Sullivan was forced to raise the purse to $1,000 to entice victims onstage.

A number of Sullivan's opponents thought they could survive the four rounds by fleeing about the ring. It didn't work. Sullivan caught them. Those he met on his "knocking-out tours" never resorted to the strategy of a fighter of small reputation named Tug Wilson, whom Sullivan met in Madison Square Garden in 1882. Wilson utilized the ploy of collapsing to the canvas every time Sullivan touched him. He went down seven times in the first round. In the last three rounds witnesses simply lost count as Wilson hauled himself up and flopped down like a drunk whose legs had gone on him. Sullivan hovered over him, trying to peg him when he could legitimately do so, but Wilson thrashed around, weaving as he arose, and then collapsed as a glove would go by. Sullivan had to pay up.

Years later, Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight champion, embarked on the same sort of theater circuit. But he was a smaller man; contestants gave him such trouble, legend has it, that if he felt himself in difficulty he would bull his opponent across the stage into a curtain that served as the fourth side of the ring. From behind it an accomplice would tap at the bulge of the challenger's head with a lead pipe, which was sufficient to slow him down.

On one occasion, Ketchel himself was turned around at the last minute and he went into the curtain instead of his opponent and got bopped. His knees buckled, and his seconds, staring aghast from the wings, were just able to save him for the next round. By that time his head had cleared and he had enough strength to move his opponent into the curtain, where the lead pipe found its intended target.

One wishes that the amateurs in such situations did bet-

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Legend says Stanley Ketchel, fighting a tyro, was inadvertently bopped by his own aide

ter, that in the great tradition of the weakling who prevails, the shy man in the back of the crowd would timidly put up his hand—I always imagined him looking like the actor Jimmy Stewart—and, giggles rising as he came forward, he would arrive on the stage and take off his coat, but not his tie, and proceed to beat the professional to a frazzle ("O.K., *I'll* pay up, *I'll* pay up! The thousand *is* yours!"). I've read that Leonard Jerome, Winston Churchill's maternal grandfather (quite a horseman, he was called the Father of the American Turf), tried to do such a thing at the age of 74. Wandering down the midway of a country fair, he bridled at a circus strong man's challenge that no one could stay in the ring with him for five minutes. Although using a cane at the time, Jerome clambered up onto the apron, hung his cane on the middle rope and is reported to have knocked the strong man senseless. Hard to believe. I suspect that the strong man, faced with this wizened, peppery gent, took a graceful dive. One can hardly imagine him picking up the ancient Father of the American Turf and tossing him over the ropes into the midway. In fact, he might just as well have done so, since some attributed Jerome's death not long after to the strain of his adventure

I had once talked to Billy Conn about professionals versus amateurs, specifically street fighters. One had always heard rumors of champions being taken out by back-alley fighters. Conn was scornful. "Aw, it's like hitting a girl," he said. "They're nothing."

Conn had empirical knowledge. Just before his second

continued



Tastefully attired in a dressing gown, Lord Byron enjoyed sparring briskly with Gentleman Jackson

fight with Joe Louis, he broke his left hand on the head of his father-in-law at an Irish post-christening party in Pittsburgh in a tremendous free-for-all in which one of the guests got so excited he fell down the stairs and hurt his arm, and even Mrs. Conn got pushed around.

I checked out the story. Conn said, sure, he had hit his father-in-law, and he would again, too.

"What was the argument about?" I asked.

"To begin with, you're talking about a couple of Irishmen," Conn explained. "At the party my father-in-law made some remark about not thinking too much about my marrying his daughter and I told him that, if he felt that way, to get his ass off the sofa and we'd have a go at it. He jumped *right* up."

"He must have been pretty sure of himself."

"Aw, he'd fight anyone," Conn said. "Only one guy he wouldn't tangle with and that was Jim Thorpe. My father-in-law played ball for the New York Giants under John McGraw—his name was Jimmy Smith—and this one time Thorpe dropped a fly ball and McGraw told Smith to go on out to the outfield and tell Thorpe that he was through for the day. My father-in-law said, 'No sir, Mr. McGraw, you go on out there and tell the Indian yourself.' "

"He didn't want to fool with that Indian," I said, "but yet he'd take on a guy who was about to fight the champion of the world?"

"Aw, sure. Broke my hand on his head. Afterwards, Joe Louis, whenever he'd see me, he'd say, 'So how's your father-in-law? Still knocking the hell out of you?' " Conn roared with laughter.

"You made it up with him?"

"Aw, sure. The Irish are always fighting. Sometimes you have to straighten people out, even a father-in-law. This one time in Somers Point I took my wife to a restaurant where I tried to sit down at this table which I thought was empty. These three guys got upset. So I apologized. It was their table. But they got real aggravated, and what happened was that I had to stretch the three of them."

"You stretched them?"

"I sure did, and not only them but also my wife's cousin, who came hurrying in to help me and I caught him by mistake with a good punch."

"Your wife's relatives came in for quite a lot of punishment from you," I commented.

"Yeah, I hit him a great shot," Conn said. "Poor guy. He was the only one who got his name in the paper the next day. . . . Naw, the amateurs have it real bad against a pro. Like hitting a girl," he repeated.

I did find one possible refutation of Conn's dictum. John P. Heinz, a professor of law at Northwestern University whose great love is the history of boxing, once put me onto an account in a book called *The Yellow Earl*, which describes the victory of an amateur over the heavyweight champion of the world, John L. Sullivan, of all people—though predictably there is no mention of the matter in Sullivan's own memoirs. The amateur was Hugh Lowther (1854-1944) the fifth Earl of Lonsdale, who was so upset that a championship bout had never been arranged between John L. Sullivan and Jem Smith, the champion of England, that he took the rather extreme step of challenging Sullivan himself.

Sullivan, according to *The Yellow Earl*, received the challenge and, very much in the spirit of taking on people on his knocking-out tours, or those who took umbrage at his behavior in saloons—he agreed to meet the aristocrat. "If he wants a fight he can have one," Sullivan is recorded as having bellowed. "And that goes for any other dooks or oils he cares to bring with him." (I have always liked "dooks or oils"—an accurate American twang to that.)

The match, arranged in great secrecy, took place at the Central Park Academy—a riding school in which Sullivan had a financial interest. Lowther wrote an account of what happened in a magazine called *The People* (it is reprinted in *The Yellow Earl*).

"For the first round we just sparred and padded around taking each other's measures. I could see that Sullivan was a bit puzzled—just a little bit. I don't think he expected to find daring Mr. Lowther quite such a game proposition.

"I saw him run his eyes over me when I entered the ring, and he seemed—perhaps I imagined it—to be rather surprised.

"In the second round I felt once or twice that I had taken on something that was beyond me altogether. Sullivan got in one or two mighty blows that shook me, and I wasn't able to land any of mine. But I held on grimly and managed to sidestep the worst punches, and in the last few seconds I got in a beauty on the champion's nose.

"Sullivan's face changed when that blow made contact. He began to wear that bear-cat expression which terrified his opponents. But I wasn't easily terrified in those days, and I kept on telling myself that even if I did take the count in the end, I had at least drawn the claret. . . .

"It was in the third round that Sullivan crashed home that sledgehammer right of his straight into my ribs, and I thought I was done for.

"The blow was a capital one. It took all the wind out of me, and sent me staggering up against the ropes.

"But it really served to put me on my mettle. I felt a fierce shooting pain in my ribs, but I didn't know that Sullivan's fist had done much damage.

"I fought back after that for all I was worth, and got home several stingers on the big fellow's head and face. There was feinting and clinching, and then I put over a rattler of a smack to John L.'s chin.

"All this time, too, I was taking punishment. One of my eyes was closed up, and I had an ugly cut on my shoulder. But though I was certainly hard pressed, I knew quite well that Sullivan was in a much worse plight. I had shaken him up time after time, and he was breathing hard, and finding it difficult to time his punches.

"As he came at me in the opening of the sixth, I decided it was now or never.

"I let fly with my right and caught him solid in the solar plexus, and he went down without a sound, apart from a faint grunt.

"He lay there for several minutes after the final count, and when I went over and put out my hand to shake his, his face wore a dazed sort of smile as he accepted my grip.

"As it half-clasped mine, I could feel its old, instinctive strength, while a shrinking pain ran up the back of my hand between fingers and wrist. This sudden stab made me realize that a bone had been broken!"

As the author of *The Yellow Earl* comments, "Certainly false modesty was never one of Hugh Lowther's weaknesses!" He goes on to editorialize that, because of the secrecy with which the affair was conducted, no one was quite sure if it had come out the way Lowther said it did, or if the fight took place at all. One of Lowther's friends in New York, Richard K. Fox, owner of *The Police Gazette*, claimed to have been a witness and supported Lowther's version. So did one of the better fighters of the time, Charley Mitchell (a heavyweight who later fought Sullivan to a draw in France), who was Lowther's sparring partner and instructor. One thing for sure, Lowther was an impressive physical specimen. Professor Heinz told me he had seen a photograph of him and that he stood well over six feet, was brawny looking and certainly not one to be mistaken for a Walter Mitty-like figure rambling out his fantasies on a street corner.

A far more illustrious name from the English peerage to enjoy "milling"—to employ a word from the time—was, of course, Lord Byron. He had sparred on a number of occasions with John Jackson, who was the champion of the world in the 1790s. Jackson was an immensely powerful man, capable of writing his name, it was said, with an 84-pound weight hanging from his little finger. He had won the title from Mendoza the Jew, largely by the tactic of grabbing his opponent's long hair—these were the bare-knuckle days, of course—and holding him out with one hand while he belted him with the other, much like holding up a gong and hitting it with the free hand. Despite this somewhat unchivalrous tactic, Jackson insisted on being referred to as "Mister" or "Gentleman Jackson" to signify his social aspirations (he was probably one of the few boxers of the time able to write his name, with or without a weight attached to his little finger), and indeed his name was recorded in the boxing chronicles and has come down to us as "Gentleman Jackson."

I have seen a print of Lord Byron sparring with Mister Jackson in his Bond Street rooms. Both men are wearing "mufflers"—ski-mittenlike gloves which in those days were used in practice—and Lord Byron is outfitted in what looks like a long, embroidered dressing gown buttoned in at the waist. Mister Jackson is wearing knee breeches and a shirt and—being retired from active pugilism—a full length of

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hair. Byron appears to have been tagged; he is slightly off balance on the back of one of his heels. Four dandies are in the gym looking on, ruffled at the throat, and one of them is holding a delicate cane. Byron told a friend of his that he took lessons from Jackson "without anticipation of its being of practical utility. However," he said to his friend with great formality, "should I at *any* time be compelled to diverge from the strict punctilio of gentlemanly conduct and be obliged to set-to, the art of self-defense is essential; that is to say, if necessity obliges a man to be a blackguard, he may as well be scientific."

Whether or not Byron considered it departing from the "strict punctilio of gentlemanly conduct," he is said to have been a very tough customer in the ring with his acquaintances, and not beyond laying them low. His temper was considerable and perhaps hereditary; his mother was supposed to have died of a fit of rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill.

My favorite of the pugilistic English peers of that period was Henrey de la Poer Beresford, the Marquess of Waterford, more popularly known in his time as the Mad Marquess. It seems an accurate enough epithet. He had a mania for collecting door knockers and bellpulls; in fact, he had one of the largest collections in Europe. He was a big man, an excellent amateur fighter by accounts, having taken on a number of professional pugilists, usually after a drinking bout, and beaten them. He was Irish, and being something of a dandy, he fought his brawls without removing his coat. That, incidentally, was the practice when gentlemen fought or sparred with professionals in those days: the latter would fight stripped to the waist, but the gentlemen always fought somewhat hampered by ruffled shirts, sashes, collar buttons and so forth, or in dressing gowns, as we have seen in Byron's case; the only concession was the removing of one's top hat and coat, and in Waterford's case he only doffed his hat.

This article, the first of two parts, is excerpted from the forthcoming book "Shadow Box" by George Plimpton, to be published next month by G. P. Putnam's Sons

When the Mad Marquess was not fighting boxers, he had them around as companions. He was the patron of an excellent pugilist named Deaf Burke, also known as the Deaf Un, who was indeed hard of hearing—a very rough-cut specimen whom Waterford took along to social occasions, such as Mayfair high teas.

Perhaps it was not surprising, considering Waterford's entrancement with door knockers and knocking heads, that one day the London and Greenwich Railway Company received the following.

Sirs:

I am anxious to witness a train smash. If you will allow two of your engines to collide, head on, at full speed, I will contribute a sum of £10,000 to your funds.

WATERFORD

Startled company officials wrote back, refusing. Indeed, they implied in their letter that the request suggested that Waterford belonged in an institution.

I had always assumed that closed the matter, but an English acquaintance of mine, a social historian of sorts, told me that Waterford had become so obsessed with his fancy of locomotives colliding that he had pressed on, finally managing to obtain a pair of decrepit engines. On a friend's estate, which had a spur of track, he constructed a small pavilion looking out on the spot where the two locomotives were supposed to meet in a fine *bonging* concussion of iron and wheels. Invitations went out. Champagne was served. At the appointed time the two engines, a mile or so apart, were steamed up, and at the signal of a gunshot, their throttles were shoved, the engineers hopping off before the locomotives got going too fast.

My acquaintance laughed. "The damn silly trouble was that one engine came on at a different speed . . . so that here came engine Number One, whisking around the bend, down the straightaway, going like 60 as it went by the pavilion, in front of Waterford's friends, heads turning to see it whiz by, and then it went around a corner behind a hill where it banged into the other chap head-on—no one to see it happen at *all*." He could barely contain himself. "All Waterford and his friends got to see was a puff of steam rising from behind the hill."

As for the United States, it too had its amateurs, many from the highest levels of society, who had been in the ring with the great boxers of their time. In Philadelphia, the senior Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle was an internationally known amateur boxer who sparred against Jack Johnson, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and Jim Jeffries, and who introduced his son and namesake to boxing. According to one story, when the boy was only 10 years old Biddle invited Fitzsimmons, who was the former heavyweight champion, to his Philadelphia mansion to spar with the youngster. A parity was established by having Fitzsimmons sit on a bench so that he was at eye level with the boy. The champion got things started by lightly slapping young Biddle—I've always imagined it as the sort of blow that Baloo gave Mowgli to introduce him to the Ways of the Jungle—and in a sort of youthful rage, the boy reared back and threw a short blind punch that to everyone's surprise connected with the end of Fitzsimmons' nose. The champion moved his left hand a few inches in reflex, and the youngster was sent reeling back against a wall, knocked out cold.

When he came to, Fitzsimmons was still seated on the bench. Young Biddle heard his father saying, "He is a very light boy, Bob, but even at that I have never seen a better short punch."

The two of them chatted and nodded while the youngster hauled himself off the floor; when Fitzsimmons noticed him he said, "So there you are. You will never forget this, young man. The reason I could hit you was because you lost your temper."

I would have thought this sort of lecture, especially with one's ears ringing, might well have meant the end of any interest in boxing or its practitioners. But young Biddle grew up to be a great supporter of the sport, even when years later, after a boisterous party he gave for the boxing fraternity in the St. Regis Hotel in New York, some of the guests stole the silverware and a number of fighters were caught trying to ease a piano out of the building.

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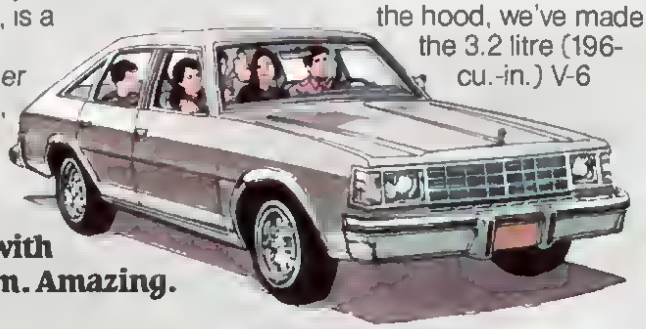
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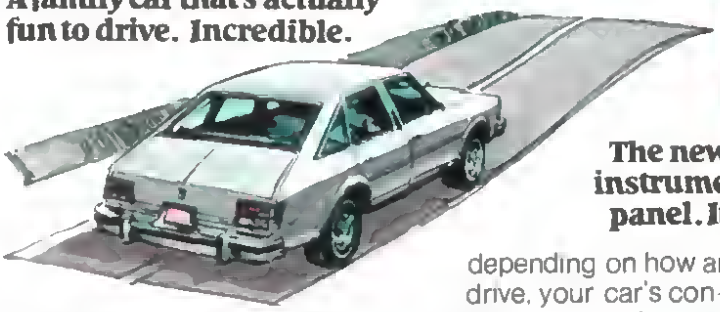
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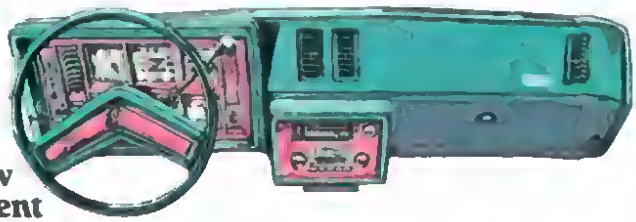
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Another large class of persons who ventured into the ring against champion boxers has been composed of authors. Ostensibly these writers had a reason for doing so: they wanted to go through the experience of confrontation in order to write about it. Perhaps the best known of these was the author Paul Gallico—the famous chapter "The Feel" from his book *Farewell to Sport* was what inspired me to try my hand at participatory journalism—who, as a cub reporter assigned to the training camp at Saratoga, N.Y., where Jack Dempsey was preparing for the Luis Angel Firpo fight, persuaded the champion to go one round with him. He wanted to find out what it felt like to be in the ring with Dempsey. Gallico had never boxed before, but he felt that four years' rowing in a Columbia racing shell would stand him in good physical stead. It did not at all. Dempsey, who quite simply did not like to have another person in the ring with him, stalked him and pole-axed him: " . . . a ripping in my head and then sudden blackness, and the next thing I knew, I was sitting on the canvas . . . with my legs collapsed under me, grinning idiotically. How often since have I seen that same silly, goofy look on the faces of dropped fighters—and understood it. I held on to the floor with both hands, because the ring and the audience outside were making a complete clockwise revolution, came to a stop, and went back again counterclockwise."

Another curious bout that took place during Dempsey's training for the Firpo fight was between the champion and J. Paul Getty. One thought of the oil billionaire, at least in his later years, as a frail wisp, hardly capable of lifting his arms, much less with a pair of boxing gloves strapped on. But he was a physical fitness enthusiast, it turned out, who in 1918, when Dempsey met him, had a fully equipped gymnasium in the basement of his Hollywood home. And he kept to a strict regimen.

Recently Dempsey, his wife and stepdaughter and I were sitting in a restaurant on Long Island, talking about Getty and Gallico, and Dempsey's experiences in the ring with amateurs. The old champ was absolutely silent, watching our faces from time to time, but with never a comment; lost, I assumed, in private thoughts. I had joined the small party halfway through dinner. Dempsey had not said a

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word for half an hour, though the conversation at the table was entirely about him. I had wondered aloud how Dempsey took care of his amateur opponents—how did he resolve things without totally damaging them?

Dempsey suddenly stirred in his seat. We all stared at him transfixed as he raised his left arm and brought it down like a cudgel, a sharp, concussive motion that shook the table slightly, jiggling the ice in the water tumblers. He showed us the trajectory of the punch three times without a word, but with a strange, sweet smile on his face, almost as if he were relishing once again what the effects of such a short punch could be.

"And that's what happened to Gallico," I said.

Before Gallico tried his hand with Dempsey a journalist named Albert Payson Terhune, who subsequently became famous for his fiction about dogs, especially collies, had a go with six fighters. For 21 years Terhune was a reporter on the Pulitzer-owned New York *Evening World* (he started in 1894 at $15 a week). His managing editor at the *World* was a big, gruff, intensely disliked man named Nelson Hersh. Terhune was called into his office one day and asked to take on a somewhat unusual assignment for the feature page—to box three rounds against six of the best fighters of the day and write about his experiences. The six were Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Gus Ruhlin, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey.

Terhune jumped at the chance. He was an excellent amateur fighter (as a youngster he had been trained by an ex-fighter named Professor McDermott, the Daddy of Footwork), he was 6' 4"", a heavyweight so strong that he was always called on to be a pallbearer when a member of the *Evening World* staff died. Not only did he know most of the fighters he had been asked to box, but he had also sparred with some of them. He saw his assignment as an easy way of coming up with half a dozen good features for his paper.

To his surprise, each of his opponents—even those he thought of as friends—really whacked him around. By the time he had sparred with all six, his left hand was broken, two teeth were gone, and his face was puffed and cut. He said of the experience, "I used to limp back to the office in deplorable condition to write my daily tale of carnage."

What Terhune did not know was that Hersh, who hurried over to get a firsthand account of the day's bloodletting every time his reporter staggered into the building, had been around to see each of the professionals in advance, offering a half-page feature story to whichever one knocked Terhune out. Apparently, he wanted a story that truly described what it was like to be in the ring with a champion, no holds barred.

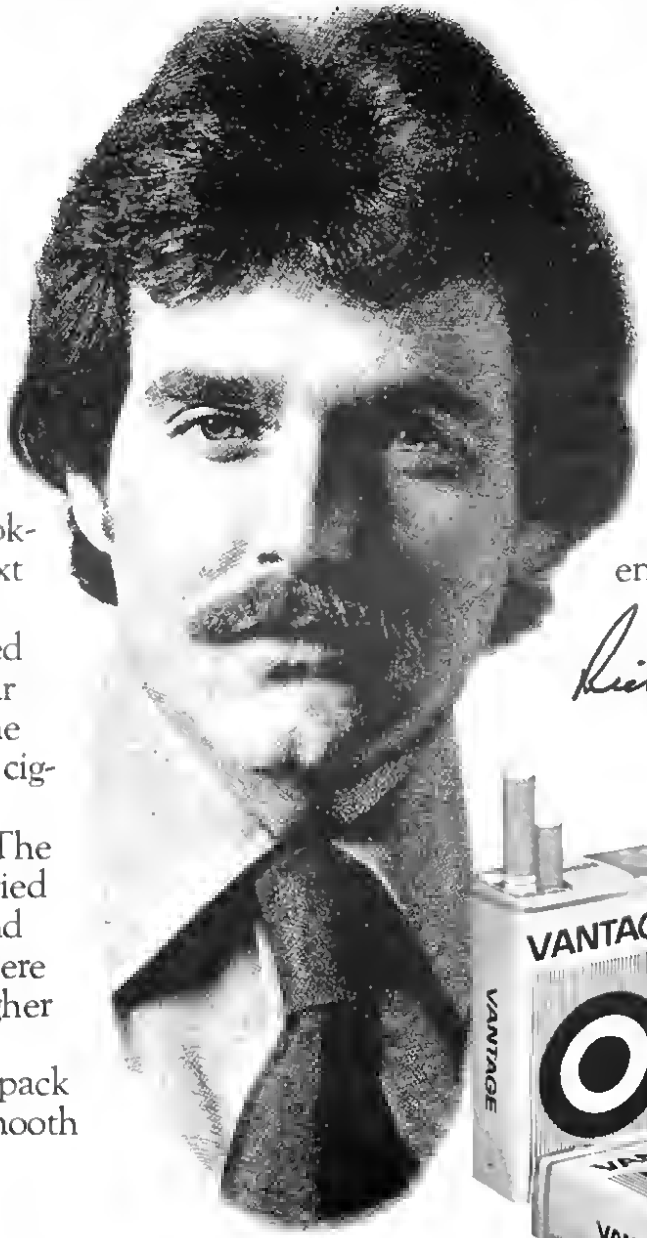
Terhune eventually found out about the bribe (a staff member confessed a year later) but there is no record that he went in and socked his managing editor as a result. Certainly it was to his credit as a fighter that he never went down for the count against any of the six, and perhaps it was enough compensation to remember what Corbett had told him after their set-to—that he was the best amateur in the country.

Ernest Hemingway was, of course, an active boxer from his early newspaper days with the Kansas City *Star*. He sparred whenever he had the chance. Indeed, his friendship with F. Scott Fitzgerald supposedly evaporated as a result of an incident during a sparring session between Hemingway and the Canadian writer Morley Callaghan in the American Club in Paris, following a lobster thermidor lunch at Prunier's. Fitzgerald got so excited watching the proceedings that he let a round, which was supposed to last one minute, go four, at the end of which Hemingway got tagged by a counterpunch and was dumped, bloodied, on his back.

I had often heard a story that Hemingway had sparred with Gene Tunney and had got so much the worst of it that he never talked about it. I checked the story out with Tunney's son John, who verified it. The sparring session took place at Finca Vigia, Hemingway's home outside Havana, where Hemingway was always trying to get Tunney, whenever he came to visit, to spar bare-fisted, especially if the two had polished off some of the frozen daiquiris that were brought out in a thermos from the Floridita bar in town. Tunney would grumble and get up on occasion to do so, though mostly he looked up at Hemingway from his armchair and declined. He had once hurt Colonel Eddie Eagan, the 1920 Olympic light-heavyweight champion and later the chairman of the New York State Ath-

continued

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana



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letic Commission, quite badly while sparring. Eagan had hurt *him* with a sneaky punch, and Tunney had retaliated and popped Egan with some exceedingly stiff shots that had damaged him, and Tunney knew that the same sort of thing could happen with Hemingway. The problem was that Hemingway did not know how to spar; he could not resist taking advantage of an opening. There were amateurs Tunney enjoyed sparring with—Bernard F. Gimbel and James Forrestal, among others: excellent exercise, shuffling around, half shadowboxing, half sparring—but the thought of fooling with Hemingway always made Tunney wince. Sure enough, on this occasion, the two began shuffling around, and Hemingway did what Tunney half expected: he threw a hard punch. Tunney was outraged. He feinted Hemingway's guard down, and threw a whistling punch, bringing it up just a millimeter short of Hemingway's face, so that the fist and the ridge of bare knuckles completely filled the other's field of vision. If Tunney had let it continue its course, Hemingway's facial structure—nose, cheekbones, front teeth and the rest—would have snapped and collapsed. Tunney looked down the length of his arm into Hemingway's eyes and said, "*Don't you ever do that again!*" This childlike admonition was delivered with great venom and authority, yet on subsequent occasions at the *finca*, when Hemingway would get up and look at his friend, and pad around, Tunney could see that he had it on his mind to ask him to spar again.

There were others. Roger Donoghue, an excellent middleweight who retired from the ring shortly after an opponent named George Flores died after a bout in Madison Square Garden in 1951, had sparred with Norman Mailer. Donoghue liked Mailer's balance. He told me, "His hook off a jab isn't too good, but he can hook off a participle."

"What's that mean?" I asked.

"Which means that he's not bad, but he's a much better writer."

Donoghue also went four rounds with Budd Schulberg, the author of *On The Waterfront* and *The Harder They Fall.* Donoghue described Schulberg's style as follows: "He gets very low to the ground, in a huddled sort of crouch, and he peers up at you over the rim of his gloves like a woodchuck looking out of a hole. It's very hard to foul him. He looks at you sorrowfully, like he knew what you had in mind to do and he feints you with his eyebrows."

Of all the accounts I have heard and read about, perhaps the most appealing between an amateur and a professional was one that took place at the turn of the century, initiated by the startling defeat of the British heavyweight champion, Bombardier Wells, by Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Man, just then beginning to expand his career. Carpentier knocked out Wells in the 73rd second of the first round in Covent Garden. The punch that finished Wells was very much like the solar-plexus blow that Fitzsimmons used to finish off Corbett: Wells was fully conscious as he lay on the canvas, unable to move hand or foot, staring into the face of one Danny Maher (as he later recounted), a famous jockey of the time, a midget figure staring sadly up at him from his ringside seat.

For the English, Wells' defeat was particularly galling because the heavyweight crown, indeed the institution of the sport of boxing itself, was a homegrown property, and here it had been removed—by a "frog," what's more—less than two minutes into the evening. A considerable amount of sulking and heavy drinking went on, especially among members of the National Sporting Club, which had sponsored the match.

Then, a peculiarly English reaction developed. The members of the club decided that if a member of their organization could stay in the ring against Carpentier longer than Bombardier Wells had—73 seconds—it would somehow reestablish the boxing prestige of England. A clubmate named George Mitchell, a family man from Yorkshire, was persuaded to try—he was the best amateur in the club—and in a long formal letter, Carpentier was challenged. He was bet £100 he could not knock out Mitchell inside of 73 seconds (this was to ensure a bona fide, out-and-out competition), and he was offered £200 simply to agree to the match.

Carpentier wrote back by return mail. He said he would be delighted to accept the challenge. The bravado of the whole thing pleased him.

Nothing is recorded of Mitchell's reactions. I have imagined him just finishing his breakfast, his clubmates rushing in with the news from the morning post, slapping him on the back, brandishing the letter from Paris, cries of "Bully for you, George," while he sat there with his eyes staring, a piece of breakfast muffin crumbling in his fingers.

The fight took place in Paris, in the gymnasium of a "physical-culture professor" named Lerda, where a ring had been set up. A number of Mitchell's friends arrived to support him, many of them fellow Yorkshiremen who kept up a steady cry of "Up Yorkshire, George, up Yorkshire" from the time the two contestants were waved together.

Their yelling was brief. Almost immediately, Carpentier knocked Mitchell to the canvas twice, then worked him into a corner, feinted his guard down, and knocked him out with a right cross. But according to various stopwatches, Mitchell had lasted a few seconds longer than Bombardier Wells. Because this was the hope of Mitchell's Yorkshire friends, they jumped into the ring shouting, picked Mitchell up, and carried his semiconscious form in triumph around the professor's gym.

Mitchell and Carpentier became good friends (I read about this in Carpentier's autobiography), and when the Yorkshireman was killed in the 1914-1918 war, Carpentier, when he was brought the news, went and stood in a corner, "where I bit my lips so that blood came from them, and cried."

Fortunately, I had read this account of the Carpentier-Mitchell fight *after* my fray with Archie Moore. Otherwise, in order to ensure the legitimate nature of the bout, I might have been fool enough to arrange the sort of conditions that were set up in the professor's gym. I might have persuaded SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to put up a purse that would have diminished the longer I survived in there with him. What nonsense! I once asked Moore how long it would have taken him to dispose of me had he been required to do so quickly. He looked at me speculatively. " 'Bout the time it would take a tree to fall on you," he said. "Or for you to feel the nip of the guillotine."

"Very descriptive," I said.

"And very accurate," he said. "You must remember that I am the most of champions."

Next week George Plimpton tells about his venture into the ring against Archie Moore.

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Sip three. A white rum martini

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 3-8

PRO FOOTBALL—Pittsbergh Quarterbeck Terry Bradshaw broke his left wrist in the first half, backup Mike Kruczek separated a shoulder in the fourth quarter, rookie Tony Dungy threw two intereceptions (after earlier intercepting one himself from his more customary safety position) and the Steelers dropped a 27–10 decision to Houston, which lost just one quarterback. Dan Pastorini with a sprained ankle. Denver had no trouble with its quarterback Craig Morton's running and passing helped convert three Kansas City turnovers into 20 points for a 23–7 Broneo win. Mighty Oakland rolled twice, on Monday night over Kansas City 37–28 in a game in which the Raiders gained 539 yards from scrimmage compared to the Chiefs 322 and Sunday afternoon over Cleveland, which for the second straight week was plagued by errors. Errol Mann kicked four field goals and Mark van Eeghen scored a pair of touchdowns in the 26–10 victory. Making his NFL starting debut, Joe Pisarcik connected on an 80-yard pass to Jimmy Robinson for the Giants, but they still lost 28–10, to Philadelphia. With 2:04 remaining, Clark Gaines scored on a 14 yard run and the Jets beat Buffalo 24–19. Mike Fuller returned a punt 88 yards for a touchdown and Rickey Young scored on a five-yard plunge as San Diego shut out New Orleans 14–0. Bert Jones threw four touchdown passes to lead the unbeaten Colts to a 45–28 defeat of the Dolphins. Cincinnati defeated Green Bay 17–7. Tampa Bay and Seattle both continued their losing streaks, the Bucs falling to the Redskins 10–0 and the Seahawks being shot down by the Patriots 31–0. Atlanta, which has given up only 19 points in four games, took San Francisco 7–0. In a penalty-filled game Dallas downed the Cardinals 30–24, Roger Staubach clinching the victory with a 17-yard touchdown pass to Golden Richards with 6:53 remaining. Minnesota defeated Detroit 14–7 *(page 91)*

GOLF—GRAHAM MARSH of Australia won the $225,000 World Match Play championship at Virginia Water, England, 5 and 3 over Ray Floyd who played the final round accompanied by four guards after receiving an anonymous death threat. The $52,500 winner's purse was the biggest of Marsh's career.

BILL ROGERS of Texarkana, Texas, who has yet to win on the PGA tour, took the $300,000 Pacific Club Masters at Gotembe, Japan, with a nine-under-par 275, one stroke better than Mike Morley. The $65,000 first prize is nearly triple Rogers' 1976 earnings.

In the last LPGA tournament of the season, AMY ALCOTT won her first victory of the year in the $50,000 Houston Exchange Club Classic, with an eight-under-par 208.

HARNESS RACING—Duplicating the strong stretch drive of his first-heat victory, TEXAS ($4.20), driven by Billy Herman, took the third and deciding heat of the $100,000 Kentucky Futurity, the third leg of trotting's Triple Crown, in 1:58 at Lexington's Red Mile.

HORSE RACING—Under an impressive ride by Sandy Hawley, MAJESTIC LIGHT ($5.80) won the $113,100 Man o'War Stakes, covering the mile and a half turf course in 2:27⅘. He finished 4½ lengths in front of the favorite, Nelson Bunker Hunt's French-based Exceller who was blocked in the stretch.

COX'S RIDGE ($14.40), Eddie Maple up, held off fast-closing To The Quick to win the $113,800 Governor's Cup at Bowie by a neck. It was the fifth straight victory for the 3-year-old colt, who covered the mile furlongs in 1:51⅘.

Except for Late Bloomer *which he definitely is not,* the horses STEVE CAUTHEN rode to victory on Tuesday at Belmont Park were appropriately named—Joyful Ruler, Great Above and Kool as Ice—the last of which enabled the 17-year-old jockey to break the yearly purse earnings record of $4,709,500 set by Angel Cordero in 1976.

MOTOR SPORTS—With leaders Mario Andretti and James Hunt forced out of the race and Niki Lauda sitting this one out, the way was clear for JODY SCHECKTER to win the Canadian Grand Prix at Mosport, Ontario.

BENNY PARSONS went over the million-dollar mark in career earnings by winning the $250,000 Charlotte National 500, finishing 19.5 seconds ahead of Cale Yarborough.

JAY SPRINGSTEEN's second-place finish in the final event of the American Motorcycle Association's pro series at Ascot Park in Gardena, Calif. earned him 260 points for the year and his second straight championship. Rookie of the Year honors went to GARTH BROW, who took the 20-lap, half-mile-oval race in a track-record 7:32.8, 3.8 seconds under the mark Springsteen set last year.

MODERN PENTATHLON—JANUSZ PECIAK of Poland won the men's senior world championship at Fort Sam Houston, Texas with 5,484.68 points, giving Poland a 223-point victory over the Soviet Union in the senior team competition. The U.S. finished fourth, missing the bronze medal by less than a point. Standouts for the U.S. were NEIL GLENESK, who set a world pentathlon record of 3:16.5 in the 300-meter freestyle swim and scored an American-record 5,347 points, and MIKE BURLEY, who won the 4,000-meter run. GINA SWIFT of Marble Falls, Texas won the women's world title with 4,660.55 points.

SWIMMING—JOHN YORK, 16, of Manhattan Beach, Calif., crossed the 21-mile Catalina Channel in 8:31:29, lowering by 38:31 the men's one-way record set in 1956 by Tom Parks. After resting for five minutes, York headed back to the mainland in an attempt to break the two-way record set last month by Penny Dean, but with less than 100 yards to go became disoriented and had to be hauled out of the 63° water. York's body temperature at the time was 88° and he was in an early stage of hypothermia. The 5'7", 125-pound boy was rushed to the hospital, but he recovered.

TENNIS—ILIE NASTASE defeated Vitas Gerulaitis 6–2, 6–2 to win the $83,000 World Star tournament in Rotterdam. JIMMY CONNORS and CHRIS EVERT had little difficulty disposing of their opponents. Connors winning 6–2, 6–0 over Brian Gottfried in the $100,000 Island Holidays Classic on Maui in Hawaii, and Evert beating Dianne Fromholtz 6–3, 6–2 in the $75,000 Atlanta Women's classic.

MILEPOSTS—AUTHORIZED: By the Baseball Hall of Fame Board of Directors, a change in the process of selecting players from the old Negro baseball leagues for the Hall of Fame. The special committee for that purpose having been dissolved, selection will now be made by the Veterans Committee. In another ruling, major-leaguers who were unable to complete the 10-year-eligibility requirement for enshrinement because of illness or death will now be considered.

PENALIZED: By the NCAA in its latest series of rulings, the University of Houston, Portland State and Western Carolina University, each receiving a one-year probation, for various infractions and violations in the conduct of their intercollegiate athletic programs.

TRADED: To the Cleveland Cavaliers, Guard WALT FRAZIER, 32, after 10 years and two NBA championships with the New York Knicks, as compensation for New York's acquisition of free agent Guard Jim Cleamons.

CREDITS

11—Drawing by SOW. **18, 19**—Neil Leifer (2); Eric Schweikardt (right). **20**—Neil Leifer. **21**—Walter Iooss Jr. **22**—Peter Read Miller. **23**—Walter Iooss Jr. **39-42, 49**—*illustrations by Michael Ramos.* **60**—*courtesy* Mt. Mansfield Co. **66**—Georgia Long. **74**—Chuck Pratt. **81**—John Kenney.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DIANE PERNA
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A right wing, Diane, 9, led her Parkland soccer team to a 9–1 record and a division championship by scoring 48 goals and 14 assists in 10 games. She also scored eight goals in one game and twice had five goals in one half.





BOBBY DODD and JOE BECKNELL
ATLANTA

Apparently ignoring the "easy does it" approach that carried his Georgia Tech football squads to six straight bowl victories, Dodd, 68, has teamed with Becknell, a teaching pro, in senior doubles tennis tournaments since retiring. Because Becknell is 39, they must play in the junior vets (35 and over) division, pitting Dodd against men nearly half his age. No matter. Last July, after a 2½-hour, three-set marathon in 90° weather, Dodd and Becknell won the state championship, 1–6, 6–4, 6–4.



SILL SCHELL
SOUTH BEND, IND.

A sophomore at Texas Wesleyan, Schell, 19, hit .441 to win the Louisville Slugger batting award. He was also named 1977 American Legion player of the year after leading his South Bend Post 50 team to Indiana's first national championship.



BEAU HASTINGS
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Known as "Beau the Toe," the 11-year-old sixth-grader at Dickinson Grammar School kicked seven straight PATs for the Oak Grove Renegades in a 78–0 romp over the San Mateo Chiefs, making him 14 for 14 so far this season.



MIMI NUMANO
TARZANA, CALIF.

A freshman at Taft High School, Japanese-born Mimi, 15, won an unprecedented four medals in the 1977 Japanese National Swimming Championships in Tokyo, triumphing in the 400- (4:37.3) and 800- (9:27.8) meter freestyles.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

A FEW WHO DARED

Sir:

Your Oct. 3 issue brought strongly to mind a stirring Latin motto, *Audentes fortuna adiuvat*—Fortune favors those who dare. The article on the Oklahoma-Ohio State game (*Never Too Late for the Sooners*) opened and closed with Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer laughing in the face of the odds. The piece on Vince Papale of the Philadelphia Eagles (*Recovering from a Rocky Start*) showed in words and pictures the personality of a true walk-on. And John Domini's sensitive account of his unsuccessful tryout for his hometown soccer club (*Lessons from a Lower Level*) spoke of his captivation by the subtleties of his sport that sustained him through the agony of the tryout and the frustration of failing to make the team. All three articles serve as testimonials to the riches to be gained through a willingness to dare.

JUDITH A. MCMORAN
Richmond

Sir:

Your fine article on Vince Papale brought back vivid memories of another sandlot player who performed for those same Eagles (I say Iggles) in their heyday, the late 1940s. Jack Ferrante, also a receiver, was a local favorite. The starters were always introduced by college and name, and I'll never forget the way Jack was introduced: "From the sandlots of South Philadelphia . . . Jack Ferrante." Shibe Park would erupt. Thanks for the *déjà vu*—and the memories.

AL FLORA
Houston

Sir:

This letter in no way is meant to detract from Vince Papale. However, the statement that, as a 30-year-old, Papale "was the oldest rookie ever to play in the NFL" is not accurate. In 1946, with the same Philadelphia Eagles, Otis Douglas was a rookie tackle at age 35. Douglas continued to play through the 1949 season. Probably the best way to appreciate this is to reflect on the fact that he graduated from William & Mary in 1931 and played his first pro ball 15 years later.

JIM CAMPBELL
Research Editor
National Football League Properties, Inc.
Los Angeles

Sir:

My parents and I marvel at the effort Vince Papale puts into each play. If everyone on every team played the way he does, one would have a tough time picking an MVP.

CHIP WALSH
Wallingford, Pa.

COLGATE'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Sir:

While it is always a pleasure to see my alma mater (currently undefeated) mentioned in your magazine, I did not greatly appreciate the statement in your article on the Oakland-Pittsburgh game (*Once More, with No Hard Feelings*, Oct. 3) referring to Mark van Eeghen "knocking tacklers down as if he were some kind of Bronko Nagurski instead of a Colgate alumnus."

Although a small school lacking a multimillion-dollar football budget, Colgate has produced 52 professional football players since the American Professional Football Association (progenitor of the NFL) began in 1920.

One of these alumni, Don Irwin of the Washington Redskins, scored as many touchdowns (four) as Nagurski did when they both were playing in the NFL in 1936 and 1937. Another Colgate alumnus, Marv Hubbard, has gained more yards rushing (4,416) than Nagurski (2,778), has a better average per carry (4.8 to 4.4) and more touchdowns by rushing (22 to 18) in his career with the Oakland Raiders and the Detroit Lions. And a third, Mark Murphy, is one of two rookies on the Redskins' roster this year. Then there is van Eeghen.

Although one of the top academic institutions in the country, Colgate is proud of its athletic traditions, and I'm sure that had Nagurski gone there he would have been proud, too. And who knows? Maybe with his help Colgate's undefeated, untied and unscored-upon team of 1932 would have been invited to the Rose Bowl after all.

BRUCE C. MILLIGAN
Baltimore

CARSON'S CATCHES

Sir:

LSU sophomore Wide Receiver Carlos Carson, only 5′ 11″ but possessing 9.5 speed, caught five passes in the 77–0 win over Rice that you barely mentioned in FOOTBALL'S WEEK (Oct. 3). The five catches were the first of Carson's varsity career and all were for touchdowns.

Carson's scoring receptions came on passes of 22, 29, 63, 20 and 67 yards. An unheralded high school running back from West Palm Beach, Carson set four LSU records, two SEC marks and an NCAA record by virtue of his receptions. Moreover, he caught a sixth pass for a sixth touchdown the following week against Florida, despite being double-teamed.

TIMOTHY R. TUCKER
West Palm Beach

YAZ, SIR!

Sir:

How dare you say that Carl Yastrzemski is too old to run around in Royals Stadium (*True Tests of Talent*, Oct. 3). His accomplishments this year again prove he can keep up with any "youngster": a near-.300 average all year long, 102 RBIs and 28 home runs. His play in the outfield, not to mention his performance at first base, has been masterful throughout his 17-year career. And Yaz has only just begun!

THOMAS FANNING
Camden, N.Y.

MODEL HUNTER

Sir:

In a short and almost poetic way Michael Baughman (*He Did Not Go Gentle*, Oct. 3) describes the joys of hunting, an endeavor that is unequaled in its value to the body and to the soul.

It is *unfortunate* that vicious individuals like the ones described at the end of the article cannot be better policed. However, the true sportsman is becoming more aware of their abuses and is making every effort to control and report such behavior.

ANGELO A. DEVAGNO
Whitestone, N.Y.

Sir:

If all hunters practiced the ethics of the old man, there would be very little anti-hunting sentiment. But as long as the beautiful fall woods remain full of beer cans, crippled birds and fools who take easy shots, as well as dangerously casual ones, my hikes will be curtailed and my anti-hunting stance will continue.

KAY S. VAN WOERT
Schenectady

TOO SUDDEN DEATH

Sir:

I have just finished viewing another sudden-death football playoff and am convinced that while a winner is produced it is certainly not done in a fair way.

Two teams work hard all week. High-salaried men are injured. Other high-salaried men undergo many hours of mental stress and strategy conferences. Many officials are involved, as are thousands of fans. There is TV and radio coverage. Blimps float overhead. Wives are divorced from their husbands. And what happens when the game ends in a tie? A coin is tossed, the lucky team is *given* the ball, and three minutes later a man whose only talent is to kick a ball far and straight ends the game from 40 yards out. The lucky team (that's the one that won the coin toss) can now go on to who knows what, maybe

continued

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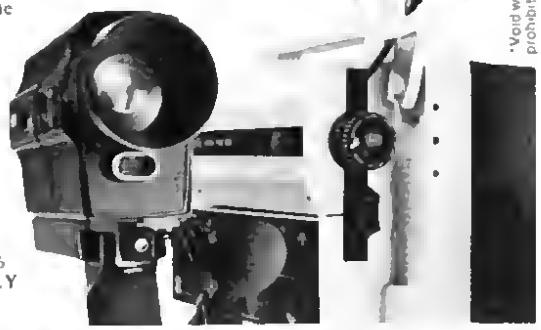
They like the package. People say a cigarette pack is an extension of themselves. Makes a statement about them. TALL's package is simple, contemporary, and according to many smokers, extremely handsome.

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even the Super Bowl and untold riches.

Why not give the other team the ball, too, and let it try to score. If it fails, then the game is over.

Or eliminate the field goal in sudden-death overtime. Make a team score six points in order to settle the issue.

Or, instead of a coin toss, drop the ball from the blimp over the 50-yard line and allow the team that recovers the ball to proceed from that point. Crazy? Yes, but certainly *fair* to both teams.

I still prefer to let the tie score stand and award each team half a point. If neither team can beat the other in the allotted one hour of regulation play, then neither deserves a "flip of a coin" victory.

CARL J. RACH
Pioneer, Calif.

WESLEY MADE IT

Sir:

Here is the sequel to the Wesley Paul story (SCORECARD, July 18). Wesley's next crack at the age-8 Marathon record came in the Heart of America Marathon in Columbia, Mo. on Labor Day. This marathon is one of the toughest in America, with six monster hills. Wesley's time was 40 minutes and 30 seconds at six miles, but half a mile later he was struck by a car. This put him out of the race. He was taken to a hospital, got a few stitches in his head and was back at race headquarters in time for the awards ceremony. In the ensuing three weeks, his training was sporadic at best—no long runs, just seven or eight miles a day.

Then, on Sept. 25, in the Mayor Daley Marathon in Chicago, Wesley finally got his record, but barely. His time was 3:15:30, just under the old age-8 record of 3:15:42. Wesley had two problems. First, he was one of some 5,000 runners, 4,999 of whom were bigger than he, so that he found it difficult to make his way through the mob. Then he had to make a pit stop at about the ninth mile, which cost him at least five minutes. This gave him a halfway time of 1:38 plus. Too slow. Wesley held an even pace thereafter through the 24th mile. At that point, like a seasoned veteran, he broke out for home, covering the last 2.2 miles in a little more than 13 minutes. His finish appeared on the following day's *Today* show, and we hope SI will tell its readers that Wesley did, finally, reach his objective. He still isn't satisfied, however, for he is convinced he can get under three hours with the proper conditions.

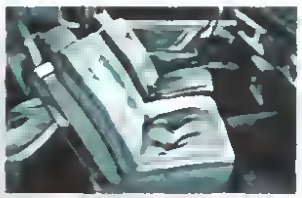
JOE DUNCAN
President
Columbia Track Club
Columbia, Mo.

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